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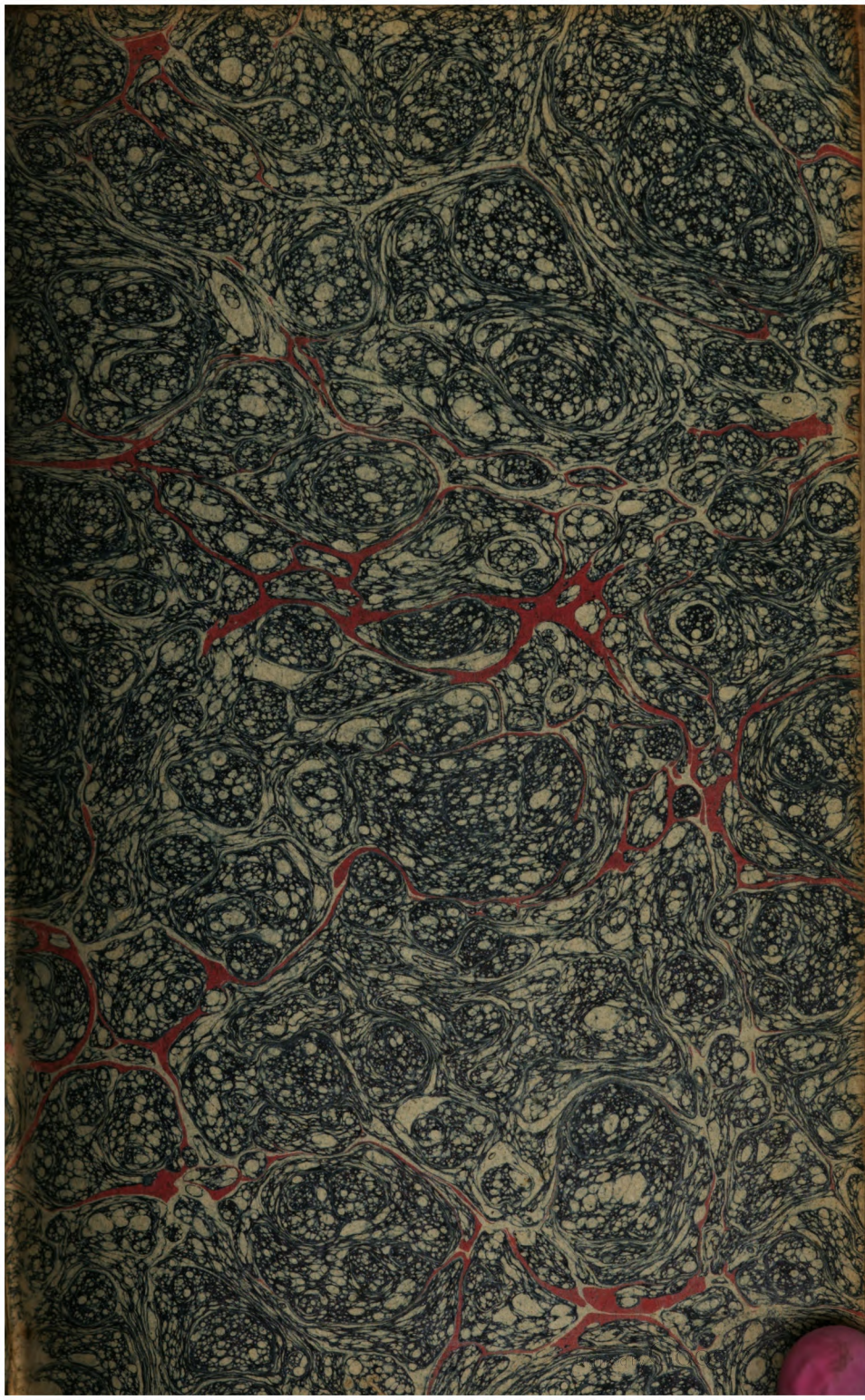
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*Odes, lyrical ballads,
and poems on several occasions*

Stephen George Kemble





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J. R. Smith del.

Head sculp.

Stephen Kemble

Published April 1808 by S. Kemble, Newcastle.

ODES,
LYRICAL BALLADS,
AND
POEMS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

BY
STEPHEN GEORGE KEMBLE,
COMEDIAN.

EDINBURGH :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY J. BALLANTYNE AND CO.
AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

1809.



TO THE PUBLIC.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I FEEL conscious that some apology is due to you, for presuming to intrude the following pages on your notice; I therefore proceed to state honestly my motives for so doing.

In the first place, then, as many of my little detached pieces have occasionally appeared in one or other of our most respectable diurnal prints on both sides of the Tweed, and I hope I may venture to say, at least at times with some little approbation,—I felt assured that you would allow, and without accusing me of any very violent vanity, that I might be desirous of seeing them properly and regularly arranged in a collective state.

In the second place, as many of them have had the good fortune to run rapidly through various editions *in manuscript*, and too often not altogether to the credit of the Author, I had the feelings so natural to all parents, namely, an anxious desire that my rickety brats should at least stand upon their own legs.

In the third place, the so often repeated kind solicitations of, I fear, my too partial, though numerous and respectable Friends and Patrons, overpowered my timidity, and I may with truth say, at last, "by laboursome petition, wrung from me my slow leave."

Lastly, Long experience engendered hope, that the same generous Public which had so often listened to me with indulgence, might still cherish a favourable impression towards me,—and thus be, in some small degree, prepared to receive graciously, perhaps, the last effort of a Veteran Actor to amuse them.

Whatever critiques my presumption may excite, I shall bow to with becoming diffidence and respect; nor shall I at all conceive that I have been treated harshly, because my reviewers, if any should deem me worthy of such an honour, exercise their talents and their taste in exposing my insufficiency; though I own they may make me feelingly alive to a sense of shame for my temerity.
—I am,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Your respectful and obedient servant,

STEPHEN GEORGE KEMBLE.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

Dec. 29. 1808,

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ODES,
LYRICAL BALLADS,
AND
POEMS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

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ODES.

ODE
TO MASONRY.

At the death of this world,
When the sun shall decay,
When the stars shine no more,
And the moon fades away ;
When Nature and Time
In confusion are hurl'd,
And dark Chaos again
Holds domain o'er the world ;

Despair not on that awful day!

Then our patron Saint John

Will give us the pass-word :

His voice through the bowels

Of earth shall be heard.

Hark ! the trumpet doth sound !

Free Masons arise !

Your Grand Master's approach,

Is proclaimed through the skies !

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

Rejoice, O ye Masons, rejoice !

To Jehovah the Lord,

Give the sign and the word,

Adore him with heart and with voice.

King Solomoni first

In wisdom and fame ;

Next Hiram of Tire

Our orders proclaim ;

The widow's son next,

Who that secret concealed,
 Which to none but Arch-Royals
 Can ere be revealed,
 In glory shall share on that day,
 When our patron Saint John
 Shall give us the pass-word;
 His voice through the bowels
 Of earth shall be heard.
 Hark ! the trumpet doth sound !
 Free Masons arise !
 Your Grand Master's approach
 Is proclaimed through the skies.
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
 Rejoice, O ye Masons, rejoice !
 To Jehovah the Lord
 Give the sign and the word,
 Adore him with heart and with voice.

When the chariot of God
 Is beheld in the sky ;

When the voice of our Lord
Is uplifted on high ;
When angels and seraphs,
And martyrs appear ;
When the sea foams no more,
And the tide quakes with fear ;
Despair not on that awful day !
To the Grand Lodge of Heaven
The just will remove,
Be accepted and welcomed
With brotherly love ;
And all who deserve,
Will receive from our Lord
A masonic embrace,
With sign, token, and word.
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
Rejoice, O ye Masons, rejoice !
For the blessed aspire
To join in your choir,
And adore him with heart and with voice.

ODE TO MORNING.

PHŒBUS the sot,
 The god forgot,
 Passing the silver lake ;
 Just sunk to sleep
 At matin peep,
 High time the day should break.

Aurora woke,
 Put on her cloak,
 And laced her sandals tight,
 Took up her horn,
 Proclaimed the morn,
 And bade good-bye to night.

She tripp'd the glade,
 The earth surveyed,
 And welcomed in the day ;
 Then rubb'd her eyes,
 Expressed surprise,
 That Phœbus shot no ray.

Flora, she said,
 Go see, my maid,
 The harnessed steeds brought out;
 D'ye hear, wake Pol,
 But call him Sol,
 Else he'll sleep his nap out.

Ma'am ! Flora cried,
 And strove to hide
 Her cheeks with blushes red ;
 My cap is tossed,
 My ribband's lost,
 Besides the man's in bed.

But if you'll go,
 Madam, you know,
 I'll help to teize the rake ;
 Let him dream on,
 'Till gloves we've won,
 Then plague him till he wake.

With this intent
 Away they went,
 Where Phœbus loved to nod ;
 But ere Flora
 Kissed Aurora,
 Her touch awoke the God.

Wrapt in delight,
 Pol blessed his sight,
 Embraced and thanked the dame ;
 Tied on his robe,
 Illum'd the globe
 Before the chariot came.

ODE
TO NOON.

Now in the south, the ardent god of day,
 Restrains the foaming coursers of his car ;
And now the dial, flaming with his ray,
 Denotes the rustic at his simple fare.

Who earns his food in the remoter scene,
 In flaxen folds that shame the lilies bloom,
His sun-burnt pratler lugs across the green,
 And shares the feast amongst the yellow broom.

Contented Labour soon to work returns,

Her modest thanks are borne beyond the skies;
No poison lurks within her delphin urns,—
The dying groans from golden goblets rise.

Now blooming Hebes give the bubbling rill
Their home-spun vests, and bleach them on the
thorn ;

Now the pert coxcomb poppies on the hill
Nod their gay bells amid the waving corn.

Now Vegetation through her countless host
Feels in each fibre the creative power ;
Extatic Nature in the transport lost,
Unfolds her odours to the spangled shower.

The busy bee now rifles every sweet,
And stores the luscious treasure for his hive ;
Now swarming millions leave their dark retreat,
And mountains, woods, and waters, are alive.

And now the linnet on the poplar bough,
In notes so sweet, chaunts soft his tale of love ;
The melting fair believes the pleasing vow,
Take heed ye nymphs, sly Cupid's in the grove.

Down the parched cliffs now drive the bleating flocks,
All fly for shelter to the spreading shades,
The scorching heat reflected from the rocks,
Saps the kind moisture, and the herbage fades.

The toiling peasant prostrate lays the grass,
And oft exhausted on his scythe reclines ;
The sun-beam dancing on the watery glass,
When with a mimic beauty Flora shines.

The lusty bull now scours across the mead,
Stung by the hornet, bellowing out his pain ;
And now the curse denounced on Adam's seed,
Drops from the rustic's forehead fast as rain.

Yet happy rustic, low as is thy lot,
Still Love and Health, those nymphs of rosy hue,
With sweet content live only in the cot,
That shelters labour from the evening's dew.

ODE
TO EVENING.
FROM MILTON.

SOLEMN evening now appeared
In sober gray ;
No sound was heard ;
Each bird sat roosted on his spray ;
No more to warble forth the lay,
Till morn returns and jocund day.
All, all was mute, save one poor bird,
And she, the live long night was heard ;
Her liquid notes entranced the gale,
Silence was pleased—through wood and dale
Was heard the mourning nightingale.

Now Hesperus leads the starry host,
His transient brightness now is lost,
Black clouds retire, and lo ! a ray
Proclaims through night a second day,
To whom the Sapphires homage pay ;
'Tis Dian's self, the chary queen,
Bursting on darkness now is seen.
Her silver vest, her robe of white,
Beaming with universal light,—
Well is she famed the day of night.



ODE TO DIFFIDENCE.

SWEET diffidence, oh! where
 With all a mother's care,
Has nature taught thee ev'ry winning strain,
 To cause the tear to flow,
 Whene'er the queen of woe
Lifts the dark sable of her mourning train.

Or when the poet's flight
 Would tower a daring height,
And Otway's genius guides the mad'ning muse;
 From Belvidera's grief,
 The only sad relief,
Is when reluctant tears their tides diffuse.

With truth too could I tell,
 Sweet Diffidence ! how well
 The sorrowing strain of Southerne thou has felt ;
 When mad parental rage,
 Not Isabel could 'swage,
 Though on the ground an humble suppliant knelt.

Thy worth the bard must own,
 In Desdemona's moan ;
 For who like thee in Pity's garb can move.
 Ophelia's artless strain
 Can never plead in vain,
 Or vainly Juliet sigh her tale of love.

Where young Thalia moves,
 A crowd of laughing loves
 Court the gay graces of her witching art ;
 Still faithful to the scene,
 In suit of either queen,
 With dear simplicity you fill your part.

Mingling with mirth among,
 How oft you've joined the song,
 And pleasure scattered with a lavish hand ;
 Using with grace and ease
 The easel as you please,
 Whilst fancy blended colours at command.

Letitia Hardy, Prue,
 Albina, Hoyden, too,
 In Townly, Teazle, Lady Bell appear ;
 You give to all a life,
 Or maid, or modish wife,
 Your talent still improving every year.

Nor shall we ever see
 Another like to thee,
 A Yarico in manner, feeling true.
 Sweet Diffidence, we own,
 Thine was the charm alone,
 That from the teeming eye the river drew.

When Cowslip thou hast play'd,
 Coy timid dairy maid,
 How has the Theatre with plaudits rung.
 The pleasing tale you tell
 Of pretty Maud as well,
 And ah! as well might Fan and Nell be sung.

Of every hope forlorn,
 How must Refinement mourn,
 That Diffidence is fled her longing eyes!
 And art thou doomed to waste,
 Gems fit for polished taste,
 Which science knows so truly how to prize?

Why should I place a name,
 Already dear to fame,
 Beneath a portrait, like in every sense?
 No, this alone I'll do,
 That Taste may point to you,
 I will inscribe this ode to—Diffidence.

CRISPIN'S FEAST.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

ASSIST me, Muse, to raise the song,
To Crispin's wife all praise is due ;
His Wife !—to Crispin ;—no, I'm wrong ;
She all the labour knew.
Should I ask who hung the pot,
Or who the orange jelly got ?
Who made the collar'd beef ? or who
Gave the tongue so high a gout,
And the potted moor-game too ?
Who gave the ham its od'rous taste ?
'Twas Dulcinea ranged the feast ;

She rubb'd the china, cleaned the plate,
 She polished up the parlour grate ;
 And clean she made the glass and cans,
 And bright she scowred the patty-pans ;
 In the hot steam immersed the chickens,
 Whilst she peeled the streaky pippins ;
 She put the covers on the chairs ;
 The sofa too,
 The best,—the new,—
 She Betty bade to bring down stairs.

The guests arrived, and each one seated,
 The covers ranged in ordered rows ;
 If the grace was, or not repeated
 At this time, may be no one knows ;
 But when off the covers went,
 Good Heaven protect us, what a scent !
 Then all they tasted up they threw :
 The ham and chickens made 'em spew,
 And eke the potted moor-game too ;

And now they fancied one and all,
 That they had gulp'd a cobbler's stall!
 The jelly next they would devour,
 'Twas stale shop paste, and twice as sour!
 Though of her tarts Dulcinea cracks,
 Why, they were full of cobblers wax;
 Some said 'twas owing to the weather,
 That all they tasted turned to leather!
 But truth to speak, a saucy sprite,
 Because ne'er clean
 The house is seen,
 Played Crispin's wife a trick that night.

And now, my Muse, with ambling gait,
 Of Crispin's Feast, what else relate?
 Well then, in place of beef and hare,
 They saw of boots and shoes—a pair!
 And for a dish of roasted rumps,
 As many double channel'd pumps:
 Behold at last, Dulcinea's wish,

Now comes her best, her favourite dish,
A tann'd seal-skin, in lieu of fish.

To injure brandy, rum, or wine,
'Tis said that Fairies ne'er incline ;
And so they lengthened out the hour,
And kept the guests till after four ;
Whilst Crispin cried,—oh ! pray play on,—
How heartily he wished them gone !
Like any trout, he flounced about,
And paced the room
With fretful gloom,
Till morning blew night's candles out,
And put an end to Crispin's rout.

A
FAREWELL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MRS KEMBLE

AT HER LAST BENEFIT IN EDINBURGH,
APRIL 19, 1800.

THY Heavenly aid, soft Sympathy, impart,
To ease the load which presses on my heart!
Ye happy hours, how have ye danced away,
Since these, my Patrons, graced my last year's play:
No thought of parting then from friends so kind,
Disturbed my grateful extacy of mind;
Proud of your smiles, the parent of a theme,
Sweet as the slumbering infant's golden dream:
Thus lulled by Visions, Fays unknown to fear,
My thanks arose as ardent as sincere.

As one fast manacled in snow may soon
 Fancy a thaw, where gilds the glittering moon,
 This mental jack-a-lent aërial form
 Leaves him transfixed amidst the howling storm ;
 So I, deceived by Hope's enchanting air,
 Ne'er woke till Malice screamed aloud, "Despair!"—
 The loathsome hag, pale, withered, old, and wan,
 Haunts me at every turn, and shrieks,—“ Begone.”
 I will but thank my friends for favours past ;
 This time, let that content you, is the last :
 It ne'er again, I fear, can be my lot,
 To court your smiles, or lure you to this spot.
 Though many a future candidate for fame,
 May seek your favour with a better claim ;
 Yet none that favour will more highly prize,
 None, none will leave you with more grateful sighs !
 In one poor word, imagine I conclude,—
 More than professions ever understood !—
 What I now feel, my heart can only tell,
 It scarcely leaves me power to say,—Farewell.

AN
ADDRESS,

SPOKEN PRIOR TO MY PERFORMING FALSTAFF IN
DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A Falstaff here to night by Nature made,
Lends to your favourite bard his ponderous aid.
No man in buckram he,—no stuffing gear,
No feather bed, nor e'en a pillow-bear!
But all good honest flesh, and blood, and bone,
And weighing, more or less, some thirty stone!
Upon the northern coast by chance we caught him,
And hither in a broad-wheeled waggon brought him;
For in a chaise the Varlet ne'er could enter,
And no mail coach on such a fare would venture.

Blest with unwieldiness (at least), his size
 Will favour find in every critic's eyes ;
 And should his humour, and his mimic art,
 Bear due proportion to his outward part,—
 As once 'twas said of Macklin, in the Jew,—
 This is the very Falstaff Shakespeare drew.
 To you, with diffidence, he bids me say,
 Should you approve, you may command his stay,
 To lie and swagger here another day ;
 If not, to better men he'll leave his sack,
 And go as ballast in a collier back.

AN
 OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,
 IN THE CHARACTER OF
 SIR JOHN FALSTAFF;

SPOKEN AT MY BENEFIT IN THE
 THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE, ON WEDNESDAY,
 DECEMBER 15, 1802.

To carry coal to Newcastle—absurd !
 Who has not oft this hackneyed adage heard ?
 Yet it implies at least some share of wit,
 Thither to go, cole-laden from this pit.

What ! on a London audience, Falstaff fob ?
 Sooner, perhaps, thou might'st the Exchequer rob !
 What ! vainly hope from them applause to win,
 Who still remember Henderson and Quin ?

'Tis wild ambition and presumptuous folly,
 And you'll return to us as melancholy
 "As an old lion, or a poor lugg'd bear,
 "Or as moor-ditch, a gib-cat, or a hare."

This was of friendly monitors the cry,
 But "Plague upon all cowards," answered I.—
 A London audience can't affright me,—go ye,
 "Think ye, my masters, that I did not know ye?"

Though true, indeed, had I miscarried here,
 My sack had turned as flat—as dead small beer;
 A failure here, had driven me from my station,
 Ashamed henceforth to say—" 'Tis my Vocation."

But my resolves ill-bodings could not daunt,
 "For I'm no coward, though not John of Gaunt:"
 'Twas instinct gave a firmness to my mind,
 I knew true critics ever are most kind.

I came,—your favour justified my plan ;
 “ I ne’er felt prouder since I was a man ;
 “ I shall think the better of myself and you,
 “ During my life—or I’m an Hebrew Jew.”

Farewell !—believe me, I shall long again
 To meet you in East-cheap,—pshaw !—Drury-lane.
 Grateful I leave such friends ; what thus can move me !
 “ You’ve given me medicines to make me love ye.”

Once more farewell—ah ! how ’twould warm my heart,
 Could I but hope you’ll say, as I depart,
 While my demerits you forbear to scan,—
 “ We could have better spared a better man.”

AN
ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MRS KEMBLE

ON THE LAST NIGHT OF HER PERFORMING AT PLYMOUTH DOCK.

THOUGH my parts ended, and my duty too,
Forgive the trespass of a last adieu ;
Oh ! let me cherish the expiring smile,
That sweetest recompence of all my toil.
When greatest talents are upheld to view,
They borrow all their consequence from you ;
You are the sun, whose life-imparting ray,
Quickens the sod, and animates the clay.

My efforts, but for you, had died unknown,
Nipt in the bud, unnoticed and unblown ;
Your plaudits blew the spark into a flame,
To you I owe my all of scenic fame :
And, in return, your goodness here shall live,
My grateful heart its thanks shall willing give,
Shall in my mind your favours oft recal,
And keep alive my gratitude to all ;
Still shall you have in memory's book a page,
Though my hours strut be over on the stage.

AN
 ADDRESS ON THE PEACE,
 SPOKEN BY MR EGERTON AT STOCKTON,
 1802,

Now that we're all at peace, alive, and well,
 Let's with Othello say, " Oh ! now, farewell
 The steed, the trump, the banner, and the car,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war ;
 Ye pin-head hearted heroes, pale and wan,
 Know, now the soldiers occupation's gone."

" Are you in earnest, faith and troth, now pray ?"
 Cries honest Teague, " and did you mean to say,

That peace was com'd? Oh! heaven bless your honour,
 This wot be news perhaps to Judy Connor!
 Oh, Judy! oh, my shoul! when I complain
 Of Judy's love, chay-horse is com'd again."

"Hoot, man," cries Sandy, "Chaos is the word,
 Your pronunciation, man, is quite absurd;
 Ye ken we speak pure English in the North,
 I'm gain' hame to teach it at Arbroth."
 "Arbroth!" a wounded soldier cries, "Arbroth!"
 (Unwilling yet he seemed to speak his wroth,
 Whilst conscious honour gave a thousand charms,
 Though he had lost one leg, and both his arms.)

"I'm of Arbroth," he said; "in Egypt's field,
 We fought and forced the Invincibles to yield;
 Proud day for Scotia, where her sons were reckoned
 The glorious Scotchmen of the Forty-second;
 To bag-pipe tune the Frenchmen danced a reel,
 We with our broad swords beat the measure weel;

And all my limbs I'd lose, ere any say,
Oh! Wully, lad, ye were na there that day."

"Why, that's well said," replied an English tar,
And faith I've had my share in this here war;
I fought with Jervis, Duncan, Nelson, Howe,
To prate of which, what argues it now?
Peace is proclaimed, and we have done with blows:
Though I have lost one arm, and half my nose,
What then? there's Chelsea, aye, and Greenwich too,
Snug births, old cock, for damaged red and blue.
Our bounteous Master our desert o'er pays;
There we lays up in comfort all our days.
Rather than France should triumph on the main,
Maimed as I am, I'd go to sea again.
Whilst British sailors love their native land,
France, Spain, and Holland, pshaw! they may be
damn'd!"

"Now, bless my shoul," Isaac the broker cries,
"If there's a peace, the stocks will surely rise!"

I must go borrow all the cash I lent;
 'Twas a bad bargain, only chent per chent;
 I'll run on change, the news is hardly blown,
 I'll buy up stock before 'tis better known;
 There it shall lie and breed, and guineas plenty,
 The treaty signed, of one I will make twenty."

" Yes, Commerce," cries the merchant, " now again
 Shall woo the winds, and court the fickle main.
 See France and Britain linked in social ties !
 See laurelled Peace descending from the skies !
 Around her breast definitive I read,
 On her bright zone, England and France agreed.
 Our guardian angels on old ocean smile,
 Whilst steering commerce to our envied isle :
 Lo ! happy millions, anxious, on the Strand
 Impatient wait to see the goddess land.
 Hark ! music fills the pause of loud huzzas,
 The king receives a loyal people's praise ;
 Still," he exclaims, buoyed up on Fancy's wing,
 " I hear them grateful shout—God save the King."

AN
ADDRESS

ON THE NEWS OF PEACE, 1802,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, SCARBRO', IN THE CHARACTER
OF BRITANNIA.

THE welcome news Britannia's sons have heard,
Soft Pity's prayers have sheathed the crimson'd sword;
Upon the foes just vengeance she has hurled,
And now to peace restores the suffering world.
Europe beholds her triumphs with amaze,
Even distant Egypt joins the shout of praise;
'Tis borne with rapture, far as Nile from Thames,
Proclaimed by echo floating down their streams.

The frowning helmet and the pointed lance
 No longer scare the pallid sons of France;
 Invasion sinking at the thought retires,
 That feeble boaster in the dream expires.
 The clang of arms, the cannon's thunders cease,
 Furl'd are our ensigns in the lap of Peace;
 Those ensigns which so lately swept the wave,—
 And George returns the trident Neptune gave.
 Peace, welcome peace, with all her smiling train,
 Revisits this her favourite isle again.
 The swelling sails of Commerce seek the shore,
 Returning Wealth the drooping arts restore,
 And doubly sweet the shepherd's reed will sound,
 Proclaiming peace to all the vallies round;
 Whilst laughing Ceres clasps her ample horn,
 And Plenty heaps it with the golden corn.
 Thus blessed, thus happy, let our thanks be given;
 Oh! raise, my sons, your orisons to heaven;
 Long, long may Peace preserve her halcyon reign,
 Nor War's dire note disturb the land again.

AN
ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MRS KEMBLE IN THE CHARACTER OF
BRITANNIA, IN EDINBURGH.

*[The Play that evening was desired by the Right Hon. Lord
DUNCAN, soon after he had captured the Dutch Fleet.]*

MY sons, I come thus clad in burnished arms,
For the rude times are fraught with dire alarms;
Fain would I cast aside my shining spear,
And Peace invoke to hail the pregnant year;
At early morn rouse the ploughman's toil,
And bless the promise of a fruitful soil;
Watch the white canvas on the swelling tide,
The dimpling wave of Ocean covering wide.

The olive better would adorn my face,
 Than nodding plumes the blazing helmet grace;
 But my proud foe, flushed with his plundered gains,
 Insults my embassy, and peace disdains,
 In the vain hope my children to beguile,
 To aid his planned Invasion of our isle.
 Such weak temerity my soul derides,
 For when did Britain nurture Parricides?
 Whilst my proud flag blocks up the fleets of Spain,
 Whilst in my ports Batavia's ships remain,
 Subdued by him, whose deeds of high renown
 Gained him the honoured name of Camperdown;
 Whilst even now urged on by ardent zeal,
 All ranks contribute to the public weal;
 Should France e'en now her desperate legions pour,
 Favoured by night, should they profane the shore,
 Britannia would disdain her sex's fears,
 Whilst thus encircled by her Volunteers;
 The brave defenders of their native fields,
 Lift in my right four hundred thousand shields.

Ye valiant brothers! 'tis a glorious cause,
Your wives, your children, and your country's laws.
Who will not these defend deserves to die,
Oblivion hide his name and infamy.
Not so the hero shall resign his breath,
Who in his country's battles meets his death :
What though the brazen records fade in rust,
What though the marble crumble all to dust,
The aged sire his valiant deeds shall quote,
And lisping infants prattle them by rote ;
The historic sister, too, record his name,
And future ages emulate his fame.

AN
ADDRESS
TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF ENGLAND.
SELECTED FROM SHAKESPEARE, &c.

STAND for your own, unwind your bloody flag ;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors :
Go, gallant friends, to your great grand-sires tombs,
Invoke the spirit of your Black Prince Edward,
Who on the French ground played a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full powers of France,
Whilst his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.

O! noble English, that could entertain
 With half your forces the full pride of France,
 And let the other half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action.
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
 Be stirring as the times; be fire with fire,
 Threaten the threatener, and out-face the brow
 Of bragging horror. So shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviour from the great,
 Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.
 What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
 O never be it said! forage, and run
 To meet destruction further from the door,
 And grapple with him ere he come too nigh.
 We cannot on the footing of our land
 Send fair play order, and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce,

To arms invasive!—

Then let them come, they come like sacrifices in
their trim,

And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,

Up to ears in blood!—I am on fire,

To think this rich reprisal is so nigh,

And yet not ours!—

Remember whom you have to cope withal;

A scum of Frenchmen, rascals, renegades,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate adventure, and assured destruction.

And who is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;

One raised in blood, and one in blood established;

One that *made* means to come at what he hath,

And slaughtered those that were the means to help
him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the soil

Of Gallia's chair, where he is falsely set !
One that hath ever been God's enemy :
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.
If you do swear to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's love shall pay your pains the hire ;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quits you in your age :
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
Preserve your king, your altars, and your laws,
Defend your wives, your children, and your homes.

AN
ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MR LISTON,

AT SCARBRO', IN CHARACTER OF A SAILOR, AFTER THE
SONG OF RULE BRITANNIA,
OCTOBER 3. 1893.

BRITANNIA rules the waves! aye, who dare doubt
it?

Yon sculking Frenchmen long have talked about it:
Like frogs they swarm the water's edge—and then,
Why, in they hop, and out they hop again.
Such strange amphibious sea-apes, a rare dish,
I warrant you, would make for some odd fish.

How oft they've threatened us to land at Dover,
 My eyes! if we could catch them half seas over,
 One good broad-side would make their gun-boats
 heel,

Rare feast for mack'rel, or your salt sea eel.

"Oh, miserable!" then at every whack,

Monsieur would roar, "I vish I vas safe back!

By gar, this trip by vater I no like,

Mon Dieu! le Grand Nation much better strike!"

Down comes the rag tricoloured, or they go

To Davy Jones's locker there below.

For England, if they wish a safe escort,

We are the lads to tow them into port;

Why, blow me pretty, would they once peep out,

The coast they're bound for they'd ne'er prate about;

If once we meet in England, those that land

Must cry peccavi,—or may I be damn'd.

Yet should they 'scape us, idle were our fears,

Whilst England vaunts her valiant Volunteers;

Resolved or e'er the foe shall gain one rood,
 To paint the green-sward crimson with their blood.
 Shew me a sailor in the British fleet,
 Who does not long this boasting foe to meet;
 Not one but would prefer a watery grave,
 Rather than France should triumph on the wave.
 Jack share his grog with them !—'twould break his
 heart ;

The beef be ours, and there's the Bony-part.
 Still let them try to please the petted thing,
 This day an Emperor, and that a King :
 Like any child, he loves their prittle prattle,
 And craws at corals, whistle, or the rattle ;
 Besmeared with gilding like that tiddy doll,
 I purchased yesterday for little poll.
 Grant their armada, heaven, a prosperous gale,
 Hoist us the signal of their setting sail ;
 Give to our canvas but a friendly breeze,
 Will *make them own* Britannia rules the seas.

**This fine French raree-show to England bring,
Preserve our laws, our country, and our King;
Our patriot King, God grant he long may reign,
And wield the trident o'er the subject main !**

AN
ADDRESS,

WRITTEN FOR MR ROCK,
TO SPEAK ON HIS LEAVING EDINBURGH, FOR COVENT-GARDEN
THEATRE, APRIL 15, 1804.

WITH feelings, foes to speech, yet hard to quell,
I come to take my leave—kind friends, farewell!
No longer here I act a borrowed part,
The gushing tide flows from the o'ercharged heart.
Beloved Edina ! famed for ages long,
Ere warlike Wallace won the Druid's song ;
Must I then quit the place that brought to birth,
The little all of talent I am worth ?
A silent Mentor whispers to my heart,
Conquer thy selfishness ;—oh ! arduous part !

Imperious call ! your mandate must prevail;
 The strong necessity needs no detail.
 On my poor means the dearest ties depend,
 Ties I am bound by nature to defend;
 Alive to these, if any dare assail
 The poorest peasant, of the poorest vale,
 The lusty Briton rushes to the fight,
 Resolved to perish, or maintain his right.
 This France shall learn, if e'er her savage band
 Bruise the sweet flowerets of this dear, dear land.
 Might I consult alone my own desire,
 No mile from Arthur's Seat would I retire ;
 But let the giddy vain to London flock,
 And here remain another mouldering Rock:
 With your applause content, no farther roam,
 But in Auld Reekie fix my happy home ;
 Here sit me down, till fate should close the page,
 And drop the curtain on expiring age.

AN
ADDRESS,
IN THE CHARACTER OF BRITANNIA,
SPOKEN BY MRS KEMBLE,
IN COMMEMORATION OF THE GLORIOUS VICTORY OFF
TRAFALGAR, OBTAINED OVER THE COMBINED FLEETS OF FRANCE
AND SPAIN, IN WHICH THE BRAVE LORD
VISCOUNT NELSON FELL.

[The Play was given that night, Dec. 3, 1805, free of all expences, for the Benefit of the Newcastle Infirmary.]

THE loud huzzas that rend the vaulted sky,
The animating shouts of victory,
The splendid triumph, the subjected foe,
Mingle alternate throbs of joy and woe.
Though the presumptuous fleets of France and Spain
Bend to our prowess on the subject main,

Though their proud ensigns lie at George's feet,—
 Our valour's trophies in the foe's defeat ;—
 Though the mad Despot long may wish in vain
 More commerce, colonies, and ships to gain ;
 Yet when he hears dark clouds eclips'd the smile,
 Which borrowed brightness from the sun of Nile,
 Whose lustre palsied France with impotence,
 Like famine, mutiny, and pestilence ;
 Before whose sword, it's keen edge often felt,
 His navy perished—and his chieftains knelt ;
 Or found no refuge, save in dastard flight
 From the o'erwhelming whirlwind of the fight.
 " Yes, yes,"—he'll cry, exulting in the thought,
 " Britannia's triumph has been dearly bought ;
 Since on the helm of fame, the raven cried,
 And NELSON in the arms of conquest died !"
 'Tis true,—and grief the torrent oft will strain
 From Kingly eye-lids, to embalm the slain ;
 And from a nation's tears,—oh ! envied doom,—
 Shall spring the cypress of a Nelson's tomb.

Peace to his shade !—all honour done his fame,
 Our well-earned thanks, the living heroes claim;
 Nor rob the seaman of his laurels right,
 Who dauntless dared Trafalgar's bloody fight.
 Of Hearts of Oak, the Muse shall boast a race
 Of brave Northumbrians,—natives of this place;
 The gallant crew, each tar his messmate's friend,
 Their Royal Sovereign nobly did defend.
 To whom did Nelson his command resign?
 To a tried friend,—a gallant son of Tyne;—
 High on the records of enduring fame
 Shall stand a Collingwood's immortal name.
 To all the fleet, aloud Britannia calls,
 Ye brave defenders of our wooden walls,
 'Tis yours to bid Bellona's anger cease,
 'Tis yours to give to suffering Europe peace;
 Awed by your valour, yon despairing host
 No more shall threaten to invade our coast;—
 So just a cause their vaunting may defy,
 It has, and will ensure the victory.

EPITAPH

FOR

LORD NELSON'S TOMB.

TIME—at whom nature shudders with dismay,—
 Before whose scythe, whate'er of human skill,
 Though mountain strong, fast moulders to decay,
 Dependant on the tyrant's ruthless will ;
 So the loved relics of the marbled urn,
 By time divested of its mantling stones,
 The peasant's rude untutored heel may spurn,
 And play at loggets with a Nelson's bones.

Time may destroy the mansions of the dead,
 The rushing course of raging oceans turn,
 And yon great planet's last convulsive red,
 Consuming Time to squalid ashes burn !

But thou, brave NELSON, to thy country lost,
Thy glory shall survive his fading flame;
And last—till time in dying spasms tossed,
Restore to heaven thy still enduring fame!

EPITAPH
ON
MY DEPARTED FRIEND.

A PALE, pale corse, beneath this mound,
Alas! poor CAWDELL will be found;
His life, a shadow, passed away,
A harmless, pleasant, summer's day;
And though his jests set now no more
The festive table in a roar,
Ah! gentle reader, be thy end
(Mild, fading meekness!) like my friend.
No fears of future shook his frame,
With death, no scowling terrors came;
But lingering, loath to quit his dart,
At length it slipp'd—and pierced his heart.

Attending spirits from our sight
His essence veiled in spotless white ;
To them the glad command was given,
To waft a kindred soul to Heaven.

EPITAPH

ON MY DEPARTED FRIEND, TOM WHITER;
AND THE INFANT SON OF MR MITCHELL, OF NEWCASTLE,
WHO WAS CALLED TOM WHITER, AFTER THE DECEASED, AND
WHO DIED ON THE SAME DAY, OR WITHIN A
DAY OR TWO AFTER HIM.

WITHIN this narrow cave, his relicks rest,
Whose friendly heart was honest and sincere;
Soft pity stole upon his manly breast,
And caused to gush the still reluctant tear.

For beauteous Isabel's sad fate I grieve;
Her best beloved clasps now the clay-cold urn!
She shall no more the rapturous kiss receive,
Or know the transport of the chaste return.

For you, who early lost your tender flower,
Who bore his name, and blossomed till the day
The screech-owl yelled out friendship's fading hour,
And scared his gentle infant soul away.—

Grieve not at God's command!—his angel voice,
As sweet, and sweeter far than Jubal's lyre,
May sing the anthem of, "Ye Saints, Rejoice,"
As WHITER enters the celestial choir.

Say you, his friends,—ah! wherefore do ye weep?
Like him, improve the hours that yet remain;
Unbar the gates of noxious dungeons deep,
Nor doubt in better worlds to meet again.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA,

A TALE.

VIRGINIA was a lovely flower,
And reared with anxious care,
Who timid bloomed in luckless hour,
A gentle virgin fair.

Virginia was an orphan born ;
For, ere she viewed the light,
Sad Cypress decked her father's urn,
Who slept in endless night.

Virginia's father was of France,
Where virtues are not fame ;
Her mother ranked by birth,—a chance,
With those of greatest name.

The wedded pair for India sail,
To shun the nobles' pride;
Virginia's sire, ah ! mournful tale,
Just landed there,—and died.

Vain all attempts to speak her grief,
A pregnant widow's woe ;
Virginia's birth brought that relief,
Which only mothers know.

With anxious hope, she fondly tries
His lineaments to trace ;
And in Virginia's playful eyes,
Would paint her husband's face.

Sweet Fancy ! linger with her long,
Sooth thou her throbbing breast,
Whilst haply she, with plaintive song,
Virginia lulls to rest.

The day that gave Virginia life,
Gave Margaret too a son ;
Poor Margaret widow was, nor wife,
By treacherous guile undone.

To hide her shame, she braved the deep,
From England doomed to roam ;
And still her aged parents weep,
The day she left her home.

But, oh ! sad story to recite,
The hour her son drew breath,
That hour he first beheld the light
Proved wretched Margaret's death.

His wondering eyes delighted stray,
The picture he of joy,
Whilst nestling at the breast he lay,
A friendless orphan boy.

But God, who doth the ravens feed,
Whose mercies never end,
Who all protects in time of need,
Soon raised the babe a friend.

Virginia's mother heard the tale,
A tale of so much grief
To move her pity could not fail,
Nor fail to find relief.

In the same cradle, now behold
The little cherubs placed,
Their arms each other's necks infold,
Embracing and embraced.

Thus reared with anxious hope and care,
As callow birds in nest,
A mother's love alike they share,
And share alike the breast.

The pretty orphans day by day
 Thus pass their hours in joy ;
 Dear sister, Paul was taught to say ;
 She brother called the boy.

Soon as Virginia's limbs had power,
 Unwatched, to tread the ground,
 If ere she wandered to the bower,
 There Paul was surely found.

They bloomed like blossoms of one spray,
 A while the garden's pride ;
 And when the one was torn away,
 The other pined and died.

Virginia, silent, pensive, mute,
 Whole hours would list the lay,
 When Paul would trembling touch his flute,
 And steal her soul away.

And as one grew, the other grew
In beauty, years, and grace ;
The joy or sorrow either knew,
You read in either's face.

Virginia, sweet as blushing morn,
Attained her fifteenth year,
When she that day was doomed to learn
What sunk her heart with fear.

Her mother kissed her pallid cheek,
And wiped the tears that fell,
As she of Paul was forced to speak,
And Margaret's story tell.

No longer now the vassals meet
Paul seated in the shade ;
Or by him in the cool retreat
Behold the blooming maid.

She, who was wont from morn to eve
Her vineyards to attend,
Each hardship anxious to relieve,—
The wretched negro's friend.

Far other thoughts invade her breast,
Abashed she meets his eyes ;
That love for Paul, so oft professed,
Her cheek with crimson dyes.

By yonder weeping willow's side,
Its mossy root her seat,
Her tears augment the rapid tide,
Revolving at her feet.

The passion which she ne'er revealed,
Which agonized her frame,
And which she fondly hoped concealed,
Virginia's sighs proclaim.

Her mother, anxious, good, and mild,
Who knew Virginia's heart,
Soon promised Paul should wed her child ;
Such lovers should not part.

How fleeting were those joys, that now
Their youthful souls expand !
Too weak was every ardent vow,
Oppression to withstand.

From France a ship has touched the isle,
With mandate of great weight,
On board Virginia to beguile,
Or force the lovely freight.

For she of high born nobles came,
As we before have said,
Who dread to share Virginia's shame,
Should she ignobly wed.

For this Virginia's torn away!
 From every soul she loved;
 Ah! who could hear Paul curse the day,
 Or see his tears, unmoved?

He calls Virginia o'er and o'er,
 Scans wild the boundless deep,
 And shrieks whene'er the billows roar,
 Or whelming waters sweep.

"Virginia! oh, Virginia!" loud
 Is echoed o'er the main;
 For France all canvas now they crowd,
 And beauty pleads in vain.

The wicked matron, to whose care
 Virginia was consigned,
 Who would have taught each modish air,
 That could abase the mind.

Still found her like that virgin ore,
Which ere so oft essay'd
Still proves its worth,—its beauty more;
Just so the charming maid.

Now Malice, ever busy found,
Began to act her part,
And sought in Pity's garb to wound
Paul's unsuspecting heart.

" No word from your Virginia yet?
And are you still so weak,
To let those tears a channel fret
Upon your youthful cheek?

" In pity, I forbear to name
Dress, equipage, and state,
The riches, honours, rank, and fame,
That on Virginia wait.

“ Where is the woman, tell me, pray,
That ere could these withstand ?
She ne’er was born that still said nay,
When she could all command !”

Nor pomp, nor power, nor vain parade,
Nor Pleasure’s syren art,
Could weaken the impression made
Upon her faithful heart.

Whole nights Virginia would devote,
Each trifle to relate ;
But not one line of all she wrote
E’er passed beyond her gate.

Her relatives, now mad with rage,
To find their efforts vain,
The ship that brought her out engage
To take her home again.

All hands on board, away she sails,
Nor leaves a sigh behind ;
With rippling sea, and friendly gales,
She glides before the wind,

Aloft the sailor gladly hies,
Obedient to command ;
Then to his captain loudly cries,
“ We make apace the land.”

Quick throbb'd Virginia's heart to see
Her straining eyes conceit,—
The mountains, woods,—the willow tree,
So oft her favourite seat.

The rapid tide loud lashed the strand,
The wind, too, chop'd about ;
Now their dispatches safe to land,
Eight oars were ordered out.

Virginia first was down the side,
 And seated in the boat ;
 But ordered back, despairing cried,
 To stay them while she wrote.

Now hard they pull, and now recoil,
 And now they mount the wave ;
 At length on land, half dead with toil,
 To Paul the note they gave,

His transports easier to conceive
 Than I to name them here :—
 The happy lover now we leave,
 To paint a scene of fear.

The raging sea ran mountains high,
 The winds blew hard on shore,
 And vivid lightnings flamed the sky,
 Whilst loud the thunders roar.

At intervals in darkness lost,
Anon the awful flash
Just shews the ship at random tost,
On rocky breakers dash !

Wished morning comes, and all descry
Virginia on the deck ;
Impatient Paul first caught her eye,
Then plunged towards the wreck.

He struggled hard !—in vain he strove ;
He heard Virginia call ;
She kissed her hand,—cried, “ oh, my love !”
Then sunk, pronouncing Paul.

He heard her last convulsive moan,
He saw her wave her hand ;
He dropt no tear, he heaved no groan,
Whilst bearing to the strand.

His eye was fixed,—“we’ll meet,” he cried,

“Where God will give relief!”

He said no more, but deeply sighed;

His heart then burst with grief.

The tempest past, her corpse was found

As floating down the wave;

And now they sleep beneath one mound,

Embracing in the grave.

Her sainted mother, ’midst her pain,

Yet bowed to Heaven’s decree;

Her hope the grave, and death her gain;—

He came and set her free.

Upon their tomb young lovers now

On them to witness call;

By fair Virginia’s truth they vow,

And constancy by Paul.

THE
STROLLING PLAYER,

A TALE IN RHYME,

MOST HUMBL Y ADDRESS ED TO THE MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES
OF PARLIAMENT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

As truth, sooner or later, generally carries its own passport, I am not without hope, that this trifle, which I have presumed to lay at your feet, may, some how or other, intrude itself upon your notice. I wish I could flatter myself, that it was likely to operate upon any of your minds; as I am persuaded the cause only wants to be advocated, to have the grievance complained of expunged for ever from your records. Whatever the fate of my feeble effort may be, I have at least gratified, in a harmless manner, my own feelings; and I trust I have some little claim to the thanks of my brother actors, whose good opinion I am anxious

to cultivate; and which, if I am so happy as to attain, I shall consider an abundant reward. "Nor shall I," as Cowley says, "be ambitious of any other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and successfully.—I am, most unfeignedly,

My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your respectful and obedient Servant.

"Facile invenire baculum ut cædas canem,"—Qui potest si libet nocere, facile capit causam nocendi.—Peccavit satis qui non potest resistere."

ÆSOPI FABULÆ.

TRANSLATED IN VERSE.

A stick he's sure not long to lack,
Who wants it for a poor dog's back;
He who shall please, though ne'er intended,
Finds easy cause to be offended;
He's sinn'd enough to burn at stake,
He who can no resistance make.

THE bard declares no reptiles live,
But to the earth a tribute give;

Use may in hideous shapes abound ;
 In the toad's head a jewel's found :
 So men of parts in every station,
 Abound no doubt throughout the nation ;
 The good and bad all mixed together,
 As sun and rain in April weather ;
 And you shall find in coarsest guise,
 The humble, modest, meek, and wise.
 Abroad I'm told, I'd have you know,
 That I by hearsay only go ;
 Alas ! 'twas never in my power,
 To take what John Bull calls the Tower !
 That if a father used an awl,
 The son must fill the father's stall,—
 Learned in the science of the skies,
 Should he a second Newton rise,—
 His *destiny* his *birth* has *cast*,
 To fit a sole, and thump a last.
 Such slavish laws must damp the spirit
 Of courage, science, wisdom, merit.

Not so in Britain—every man
 Makes all that his endowments can :
 Free to consult his own desire,
 To what may genius not aspire ?
 Birth cannot wed you to regard
 The puppet who is *born* a lord ;
 Men only for their parts renowned,
 Amongst the highest ranks are found,
 Soaring aloft above the sphere
 Fate seemed to have assigned them here.
 To this can Envy give the lie,
 Or Malice any word deny ?
 Then when I see from low estate
 The man of learning growing great,
 And view him like a comet rise,
 The carping blockheads I despise :
 For drones, though e'er so oft detected,
 Fancy their wonderous selves neglected.
 Here I unload, with honest zeal,
 The joyous weight of thanks I feel ;

That heaven ordained my happy fate
 A native of that peerless state,
 Where worth alone ensures success,
 And honours too, and happiness.
 Yet oft who seeks renown to clasp,
 Will hunt a shade that shuns his grasp.

And here allow me to relate
 A strolling actor's hapless fate :
 Possessed of talents rare to find,
 Such as improve, enlarge the mind.
 Sage Learning poured out all her lore,
 O'erjoyed to spread her hidden store ;
 Then when he gently woo'd the lyre,
 Scarce would the list'ning breeze *respire* ;
 The wandering wood-nymphs heard the strain,
 And worshipp'd sovereign Pan again.
 Still as he strolled, the pastoral tale,
 Of the sweet hawthorn in the dale,
 Where Phillis fled the love-lorn swain,
 His sighs repaying with disdain,

The skilful Minstrel, clear of doubt,
 The useful moral pointed out;
 How sweet the love of virtue glows,
 When he bemoans his blighted rose !
 Yet he neglected passed his days,
 Though all admired his artless lays;
 In spite of merit doomed to roam,
 Or seek at best a temporal home.
 No means from folly to retreat,
 Who oft beset him in the street,
 With open mouth, and vacant stare,
 Hooting the modest strolling player;
 Still he, the humble child of toil,
 Hung o'er his crucible of oil.
 At times his naked friendless head
 Has rested 'neath a pallet's shed;
 Full oft from thence the clarion cock
 Has roused him,—oft the bleating flock,—
 When dawn is rob'd in dapple grey,
 And the larks soar their trackless way;

When first the charming queen of morn
 Winds in the east her golden horn ;
 Preceded by the laughing hours,
 And bashful Flora strewing flowers.
 As if mankind should all conspire
 To light the embers of his ire ;
 Who, mad with more than maniac rage,
 With law denounced the moral stage ;
 And fixed a Cain-like mark on all,
 They strolling players please to call :
 Howe'er in conduct prudent, wise,
 The strolling player all despise ;
 However high their worth or merit,
 This epithet they all inherit :
 And even he, whose praise remains
 Whilst there are mountains, woods, and plains,
 Whilst taste, refinement, grace, or ease,
 Possess the sovereign power to please ;
 He who essayed with so much art,
 " To raise the genius, mend the heart ;"

Hard fate ! 'twas his unhappy lot,
 To bear about this lawless blot ;
 So he neglected passed his days,
 Though all admired his artless lays.
 But since the laws have granted power
 To let the stroller fret his hour ;
 The scene is changed, and we appear
 Before their worships every year,
 For leave to exercise our art,
 Sans dread of beadle, whip, or cart ;
 But in this blanch the former shame
 Fixed on the strolling actor's name,
 Aright you generously foresaw,
 That it might qualify the law ;
 And so it has with men's intent,
 To exercise it as 'twas meant.
 Yet some there are puffed up with pride,
 As beggars to the devil ride,
 Possess a cabalistic spell,
 The tongues of all their chums to quell :

And so as pique or interest sways,
The Stroller acts, or not, his plays.
If this way plunged in debt, he fail,
The wretched vagrant's sent to jail ;
No bankrupt law can set him free,—
No dealer, nor no chapman he :
He may not for his debts compound,
And pay a shilling in the pound.
Then take the wall, and elbow one,
His cunning knavery's undone ;
Or open shop with larger store
Then e'er the rascal had before.
The player's debts—immured from day,
A trifling sum perhaps might pay.
But who is he will friendly lend,
The wretch with neither means nor friend ?
Thus are his air-built castles crushed,
His mine of gold, proves worthless dust ;
His many years of toil knocked down,
By pride bedecked in scarlet gown.

But this can only come to pass,
 When Leo's coat conceals an ass ;
 When impudence assumes priority,
 Decked in a petty brief authority.
 The treatment we in general meet
 From those who fill the judgment seat,
 Is a kind liberal wish to please,
 I've no intent to lampoon these ;
 If lashing folly could decrease it,
 I'd shout, *Qui capit ille fecit*.
 The act repealed, and not till then,
 Can actors class with honest men ;
 A loyal subject, good, and brave,
 Should not be handcuffed with a knave ;
 And every actor in the land,
 Smarts under this opprobrious brand ;
 Nay, e'en a royal patent's right
 Absolves them not with all its might.
 Our London artists knew the pains,
 When erst they too were village swains ; *

* The distinction between a London and a country actor.

Treated—my simile is true—
 As hard as ever wandering Jew.
 Though now in sun-shine of the great,
 I envy not their happier state ;
 I but lament this vagrant stain
 Upon our calling should remain ;
 And chiefly 'cause the stupid fool,
 For whom I hourly go to school,
 And fag and toil those lines to hit,
 That best may teach his leaden wit,
 His notice thinks me far beneath,
 And throws the vagrant in my teeth.
 What can I with the blockhead do ?
 The libel wounds, because 'tis true ;
 I grieve for this oppressive flaw,
 Which writes me vagabond by law.
 For him I grieve, though he's at rest,
 Free'd from the woes that wrung his breast,
 Who knew too well the gripe of want,
 Of clothing bare, and wallet scant.

Oft times to every soul unknown,
He'd wander forth for miles alone;
Indeed his steady, faithful friend,
Poor Rover, would his steps attend;
And when oppressed with reckless care,
The Stroller sat him any where;
Close by his side with meek content,
As if he knew what all things meant,
His watchful guard attentive lay,
Nor even whined at his delay:
The scrip his master oft would spare,
That Rover might the better fare;
And then to while away the hour,
He'd gather each surrounding flower;
Their beauties quote, and where they grew,
For all their various tribes he knew:
What though no laurel ever spread
Poetic honours round his head,
No wonder then his *oaten* reed
Should every Corydon exceed.

The stage ! thus lawless must it stand,
 Amongst the statutes of the land ?
 The stage ! that raised a race so rare,
 Of poets far beyond compare.
 See Colly Cibber's sterling worth,
 See witty Farquhar's sprightly mirth ;
 See Savage, Foote, and hundreds more,
 Fired with the love of classic lore.
 Why, Sheridan, omit thy name ?
 Or Otway's, dearer far to fame ?
 But 'midst these shrubs, a lofty tree,
 August, appears in majesty ;
 Behold how wide the arms expand,
 The leaves o'ershadowing all the land ;
 The fruit with fresh abundance blest,
 Adds to repletion added zest.
 Here SHAKESPEARE, lavish of his store,
 For ever giving, still gives more ;
 Still unexhausted courts your stay,
 And triumphs over Time's decay.

Oh ! could these actors but impart
 One ray of their poetic art !
 The sacred flame would sure inspire
 Succeeding actors with desire,
 To search, like them, the learned page,
 And save the fast declining Stage.
 Yet might the muse, though ever loath,
 VIRTUES record of Thespian growth ;
 The stage her living children more
 Should boast of now than e'er before :
 How high, even malice must agree,
 They ornament society.
 Yet let me hope what here is said,
 May never slander worth that's dead ;
 For still we find in every age,
 The virtues clinging to the stage.
 Let Dulwich Allen's name suffice,
 Who bade her towering college rise.
 His wreaths, his blooming wreaths, are wove
 By CHARITY's unfading love ;

Not for a *lordly* master's home
 He raised the hospitable dome :
 There want throws off his load of cares,
 And feeble age the bounty shares ;
 There calm content and peace pervades,
 And resignation charms the shades,
 When e'er she chaunts the rapturous lays,
 Filled with the Player Allen's praise. *

* Mr Allen was the ornament of the stage for nearly thirty years. He was the celebrated BARABAS in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, of whom it was said by old Heywood, in his Prologue to that Play,

We know not how our play may pass this stage,
 But by the best of poets in that age,
 The Malta Jew had being, and was made ;
 And he, then by the best of Actors played.
 In Hero and Leander, one did gain
 A lasting memory ; in Tamerlane,
 This Jew, with others many, th' other won
 The attribute of peerless, being a man
 Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
 Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue ;
 So could he speak, so vary——

The praises bestowed on this excellent actor, and worthy man, by his contemporaries, would be sufficient to send his name down to posterity with honour, independent of the noble endowment which he founded at Dulwich. He was born in London on the 1st of September, 1566, was early introduced to the stage, and appears to have been at the head of his pro-

And still the grateful muse must tell,
 Of him who cheered a Thomson's cell ;
 Who cheered the mirky gloom Dismay
 Flung o'er the straw where genius lay ;
 The actor cast a feeling look,
 On merit by the world forsook.
 See Thomson, favourite of the nine,
 Thomson !—in prison left to pine ;
 The man, who with enchanting skill
 New robes o'er Nature threw at will ;
 Behold him now oppressed with grief,
 No friendly hand affords relief,
 Save one,—and of that tribe was he,—
 Termed vagrant by society.
 When Pity prompted what to write,
 Her sister Feeling would indite ;
 Then, pleading both, on Bounty win,
 To draw upon his agent Quin.

fession, by which he acquired a considerable fortune. He retired to Dulwich several years before his death, which happened on the 25th of November, 1626.

But other scenes and prospects new,
 Now burst upon the Stroller's view.
 His manuscripts spread up and down,
 Had much increased his just renown,
 As far as from the winding Tees,
 To where fair Tweed flows to the seas :
 Nay, the coy damsels farther north,
 Had conn'd by rote his muse's worth ;
 On Dee, by moon-light—fairy scene !
 Singing, " Sweet Kate of Aberdeen."
 The Stroller's page was never slurr'd,
 Or tainted with immodest word ;
 His verse the semblance of his mind,
 Tends solely to improve mankind ;
 His efforts on the stage did more
 For this, than all his pastoral store.
 Though Taste her heavenly incense sheds,
 And Truth the meed of virtue spreads ;
 But precept though a lesson ample,
 Indents not like a strong example.

Of praise he had enough, and store,
 But praise unbars no friendly door:
 Praise is poetic food we own,
 Yet who can live on praise alone?
 Your earthly bodies, windy fare,
 Will dine but poorly upon air;
 Whilst one clean, frugal, homely dish,
 Had satisfied his utmost wish.
 You, * dear to friendship's sacred name,
 Live blended with the poet's fame;
 Who else, by Diffidence o'erthrown,
 Had perished with his works unknown.
 You laboured long with anxious care,
 "To save them from the desert air."
 'Twas hoped a patron to his mind
 The Stroller might in Garrick find;
 So at your strong solicitation,
 At last he wrote a Dedication:

* Mr Clark, the proprietor of the Newcastle Chronicle,
 who published his works, and Mr Bates the manager, whose
 company of Comedians the poet had travelled with many
 years.

Vain all your struggles to prevent it,—
 He strolled to town, and would present it.
 In London, at his levee, see
 Hope cozening artless Poverty.
 “ John, is the chariot ready, pray ?
 Well, Sir,—a pastoral poet,—hay ?
 “ Like other authors, poor, no doubt,
 And like them too, you’ve found me out.”
 Then Roscius with a kind adieu
 Gave him a guinea—and withdrew !
 Rich boon !—bestowed with garish smiles,
 For walking near six hundred miles.
 Thus did this mighty mimic Cham
 Receive the modest CUNNINGHAM ;
 Who still neglected, passed his days,
 Though all admired his matchless lays.
 What precept ever could controul,
 Or like the stage engage the soul ;
 In mute suspense enchain you fast,
 To witness deeds long ages past ;

Still as the living picture grows,
Your bosoms share the scenic woes ;
Fiction forgot, now real seem,
The hero's wrongs, the poet's theme.
All, all involved in freedom's cause,
You hail his triumph with applause ;
Or should the scene reverse his fate,
And death the patriot's zeal await,
Your streaming eyes, your grief repress,
The muse's magic more attest.
And shall He then, who acts so true,
That the dead live to lesson you,
Shall he,—who sense and taste displays,
A lawless vagrant live his days !
Although he surest lights the flame
That guides our ardent youth to fame ?
Though with enthusiastic rage,
The mad fanatic damns the stage ;
His dire philippics wond'rous wise,
As summer gnats, or biting flies,

May round the lion sometimes swarm,
And buz, but do no further harm ;
If he but brush his matted mane,
They prostrate fall, a heap of slain.
Such be the sapient bigot's lot,
To vainly buz, and die forgot ;
For men the glow-worm's light despise,
When the broad planet mounts the skies.
Then let the idiot vainly rage,
And fulminate against the stage ;
Her wond'rous mighty mystic charm,
The coldest heart can instant warm ;
The contrite sinner smite with shame,
The murderer's hidden guilt proclaim ;
Make him his last worst deed repent,
And thus fulfil the act's intent ;—
To treat the great with due regard,
To give to virtue its reward,
To awe mankind with vice's feature,
And hold the " Mirror up to Nature,"

THE
LOTTERY,

A TALE.

As Fortune and Genius so seldom agree,

It is seldom if ever they meet ;

This fact calls for no attestation from me,

Or else proofs upon proofs I'd repeat.

It chanced once that Genius had ta'en by the hand

A man on whom Fortune had frowned ;

And of course, as the one gave him wit at command,

A sad foe in the other he found.

G

Condemned thus by Fortune, oft times 'twas his fate,
 Though many professed themselves friends,
 That when dinner-time came he had nothing to eat,
 Nor did supper-time make him amends.

One day after trudging it many a mile,
 So weary he scarcely could creep,
 He resolved he would rest at the next friendly style,
 And revigorate Nature with sleep.

He reached it, and Heaven addressing, thus prayed,
 "From this place may I never arise!"
 And scarcely at foot of the style was he laid,
 Ere Nature close curtained his eyes.

Some truths are related of Fortune, some lies;
 Some say that her ladyship's blind;
 From such as pursue her she frequently flies,
 Those who heed her not meet her we find.

Be that as it may, yet my tale I'll pursue,
 And my narrative simply relate ;
 For as Science ne'er opened her page to my view,
 Her honours can ne'er on me wait.

A dream most delicious his fancy employed,
 That dame Fortune began to relent ;
 And he on a sudden such honours enjoyed,
 As seldom abide with content.

He dreamed near the lottery-wheel that he stood
 When the drawing was held in Guild-Hall,
 In a negligent, careless, indifferent mood,
 When he heard the boy lustily call :

"Twelve thousand one hundred's the capital prize!"
 And away flew the vision his dream ;
 For the noise of a waggon then opened his eyes,—
 Overturned at the gate was the team.

The very same number he saw on the side
Of the waggon, was painted so plain,
That loud he exclaimed, as the figures he 'spied,
“ I dream still, or else I'm insane !”

He read it, and read it, still over and o'er,
Then wrote it, then passed to and fro ;
This moment resolved he would think on't no more,—
But the rose with the prickles will grow.

Still big with the dream, how short was the route
To the town, and how easy the way :
At a lottery shop, in the window spread out,
‘ Twelve thousand one hundred’ there lay.

Now fully convinced that Fate meant him kind,
“ How shall I the purchase obtain ?”
He cried, and then instantly made up his mind,
That study leads surely to gain.

The money soon earned, and the ticket soon got,
How great was his joy and surprise,
When he heard twelve thousand one hundred, his lot,
Was drawn thirty thousand pounds prize!

Soon friends troop'd around, and he got a rich wife,
Who flaunted the great ones among;
For cards and deep play was the joy of her life,—
'Twas rapture to faint in a throng!

All soon went to wreck—not a guinea was left,
No art could her fading form save;
Deserted, abandoned, of all hope bereft,
At length she found rest in a grave.

Behold now the man, who once shone in the ring
With abundance, and riches, and ease,
In prison immured, his sad food, wretched thing,
Bread and water, and little of these!

At length Genius whispered, "arouse thee for shame,
 And Content on thy efforts shall wait ;"
 He roused him, and Fortune at last smiling came,
 And burst open his dark prison gate.

His zeal with abundance kind heaven rewards,
 He the superflux gives to the poor ;
 For all in distress he with kindness regards,
 And the wretched man blesses his door.

M O R A L.

Believe not that riches can e'er give the mind
 Such pleasure as virtue enjoys ;
 They lead us too often to folly we find,
Which the peace of our bosom destroys.

PADDY COLEMAN,

A TALE.

SOME years ago,—not more than ten,
Or call it twelve,—tis not material,
Lived Paddy Coleman,—least of men,
Of Fairy size, and form aërial :
From blacksmith's bellows, truth to say,
One blast had blown the elf away.

Now little Pat was thorough bred,
Would fight as soon as drink his can ;
None e'er disputed what he said,
But found him every inch a man :
For though knocked down at every round,
Most game-cock like he kept his ground.

In quarters as a trooper sat,
 Describing hosts in dread array,
 " You lie !"—exclaims our pigmy Pat,
 " You lie, you savage, still I say !"
 Whereat enraged, the trooper rose,
 And dealt him many dreadful blows.

So roughly handled was he now,
 As bushel big soon swelled his head ;
 The hostess kindly bound his brow,
 And Molly ran to warm his bed :
 Yet whilst they dressed his black'ned eyes,
 " You lie, you horse marine !"—he cries.

The morning came,—the trooper's case,
 Why who could blame what he had done ?
 For though he painted well Pat's face,
 Pat richly earned what he had won.
 " But come," the soldier cries, " a cup
 Mayhap may make the matter up."

The cup was brought, up stairs went he,
 And knocking, cries, "how are you, sir?"—
 "Come in," says Pat, "I cannot see,—
 Oh Lord! nor can I turn or stir."
 "Your honour, drink," the veteran cried,
 And held Pat up to quaff the tide.

"Come, sir," cries Mars, "you'll better be,
 Forgive my having beat you so:"
 "Oh! you damned rascal, are you he?"
 Roars Pat,— "I'll kill you,—let me go!"
 Then out jumped Pat, down fell the can,
 Away the trooper headlong ran.

Thus having won the bloodless plain,
 For loud the soldier called Peccavi;
 Our champion laid him down again,
 Great as Mendoza, son of Levi;
 Nor reck'd he, though full well he knew
 His aching sides were black and blue.

Our hero now made whole again,
 'Twas hoped would long avoid a riot;
 To wash a black man white, 'twas plain,
 Far easier were, than keep him quiet :
 For soon in fumes of liquor lost,
 He quarrel'd with a lanthorn post !

“ How dare you, sir ! ”—thus did he say,
 As he addressed his wooden foe :
 “ Damn it,—how dare you stop my way ?
 “ I'll make you better manners know.”
 Smack go his knuckles 'gainst a wall,
 His nose too flattened in the fall.

A wag, in passing, heard a groan,
 And lifting Pat from out the mire,
 Cries, “ child, how came you here alone ? ”—
 He stamp'd, he swore, and foamed with ire ;
 At which his knee the wag outstretches,
 And o'er it soundly smacked—his breeches.

This flesh and blood could never brook,
 So up was Pat by break of day ;
 The person he had clean mistook,
 Who served him in this waggish way :
 But at a tanner's window throws,
 Who heard the noise, and straight arose.

"Who's there? what would you have?"—he said:
 " Oh ! curse your soul !"—the other cried,
 " I'll swell that lump you call your head,
 " I'll curry-comb and tan your hide."
 The man, amazed, went down, and then—
 Thrashed Pat, and went to bed again !

He acted one whole week this scene :
 For ever at the tanner's door
 At gray of matin Pat was seen,
 Each time worse beaten than before.
 The tanner weary in the end,
 Cries, " I give in,—I yield, my friend !"

"Well, I'm content! get up," quoth Pat,
 "I never like to make long speeches;
 "But on your life, no word of that,
 "I need not say, I mean my breeches:
 "But as you rev'rence your superiors,
 "Dare not to whisper my posteriors."

The joke soon blown, the boys retreat,
 Sticking themselves where e'er a nich is;
 And as he strutted down the street,
 Screamed out, "who whipped your little
 breeches?"
 This Pat a short time only bore,
 Decamp'd and ne'er was heard of more.



SONGS.

A SONG.

ENJOY the blushing spray
That droops o'er yonder hill,
Pour still the grateful lay,
Aye sing sweet Robin still.
How gentle now the tone,
How sweet, how soft, and low!
I weep, and you bemoan,
The wretched child of woe.

Entomb'd within this tower,
And dead to all I see,
Sweet Robin cheers the hour,
And swells his throat for me.

Thus Heaven, who hears my cries,
Who sees the tears that flow,
His comfort ne'er denies
The wretched child of woe.

THE KISS,

A SONG.

OH! Maria, how well I remember the spot!

And I ought, since I date all my bliss
From the first time a sight of my charmer I got,
And I asked her to give me a kiss.

She, blushing, cried, "Pray, sir!" pretending to chide,

Yet I knew she'd have thought me remiss,
If I had not at once all her anger defied,
And snatched away kiss upon kiss.

Maria once wedded, soon altered her note,

She never now takes it amiss,
But whene'er I'm inclined, she forwards the sport,
And ten-fold returns me each kiss.

H

Come ye shepherds and learn then a lesson from me,
One maxim I'll teach you, 'tis this ;
With your own when the eyes of your mistress agree,
E'en take without asking—a kiss.

THE
BRIDAL MORN,

A SONG.

HARK! hark! the feathered warblers sing,
Hark! hark! the merry, merry bells ring!

All nature welcomes in the morn;
The lads and lasses now are seen
With pipe and dance upon the green,
Where lately waved the golden corn.

The linnet swells his little throat,
Kind Zephyr bears the pleasing note,
Through dew-bespangled lawn and dale;
To day be labour all forsook,
Ye shepherds, lay aside your crook,
This happy bridal morn to hail.

Now gaily trim the woodbine bower,
Prepare it for the festive hour ;

Let lavish plenty here abound,
And let each shepherd toast his lass ;
Fill to the brim the sparkling glass,
Health to the happy pair go round.

Let Hymen bliss their nuptial joys,
With blooming girls and rosy boys,
And ever springing new delight ;
Let love and music charm the heart ;
Drink, drink and sing, and never part
Till day-light quench the orb of night.

SONG.**THE MUMMERS.**

I shall sing of a critical man,
No actor so just but he'd teize him ;
His name you may guess if you can,
But none of you ever could please him.

He'll swear that you played this part bad,
In t'other you never were mellow,
Till he'd drive you quite stark-staring mad,—
For he is a critical fellow.

Of the stage a great judge he must be,
Dogmatic about us poor mummers ;
Not one of us all escape free,
Of actors, or singers, or thrummers.

The tragic are comical blades,
The comic are tragical ranters,
The fiddlers he dooms to the shades,
The singers are cobling psalm chanters.

This sly typographical snake,
An author will damn, or a play,
And remarks on your acting will make,
Though he the whole time be away.

Poor mummers are left to his whim,
Though greater men feel it no doubt ;
If Fox rule, or Pitt, what's to him ?
Our critic will never be out.

This critical fellow ne'er made
Resistance if ere he got thrash'd ;
Nor would quarrel if ere his back paid,
For those his scurrility lashed.

A caneing would do him vast good,
A horse-pond would wash away spleen,
In the * * * * * this understood,
No word of abuse would be seen.

THE
COUNTRY HOUSE,

A SONG.

As the story of old
Has been frequently told,
Sol was banished by Jove from above ;
For what I don't care,
Though the legends declare,
'Twas for prating of Jupiter's love.

He wandered about
Like a country lout,
And his godhead, alas ! was a joke ;
For no soul could he find
That at all was inclined
To drink beer, or a pipe with him smoke.

His friend Momus, in Heaven,
 Though to laughter much given,
 At his hardship did weep and turn pale;
 And the tears that he shed,
 As I somewhere have read,
 Were changed into foaming mild ale.

Bacchus longed for a smack,
 But this hogshead, good lack,
 Was reserved to make merry below;
 So Momus and he,
 Apollo to see,
 'Strode the hogshead descended, I trow.

Old Saturn attended
 With arms wide expanded,
 To welcome their godheads, no doubt;
 And Phœbus requested,
 Or ere the gents rested,
 The country house they might find out.

By Styx, your in luck,
 Cried the old-fashioned buck,
 Nothing ever yet happened so right ;
 A welcome ne'er fear,
 I'll induct you there,
 And, by Neptune, 'tis Saturday night.

Ere they thanked their director,
 Good master inspector
 Asked whom he should president name ?
 The old lad took the chair,
 Paid mugs round of beer,
 As did Bacchus and Momus the same.

At night, full of glee,
 Their godheads agree
 From the hogshead the bung to pull out ;
 And it foamed till 'twas empty,
 With mirth, joy, and plenty,
 Which profusely they scattered about.

They declared ere they went
 Such a night they had spent,
 That they envied old Jove not a sous;
 Take Olympus, they cried,
 And be long deified,
 Only give us the country house.

• 'Gainst Sorrow, that whore,
 Let us all smack the door;
 Of our mirth none of us shall she chouse;
 So, good fellows, arise,
 May my toast meet the skies—
 Here's "Success to the Country House."

A

VOLUNTEER SONG.

HARK, the drum beats to arms!
For Britannia we stand;
Her cause has united
Our Volunteer band.
Should her foes on this island
A rood e'er obtain,
We would conquer or die,
But that rood we'd regain.

Such our love of liberty,
Our country, and her laws,
That like our noble ancestors
We'll stand in Freedom's cause;

Our Volunteers as well will fight
For honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their arts,
To alter our laws.

For our King, Heaven bless him !
His rights we'll maintain,
And his throne we will guard,
God continue his reign :
For we sons of Britannia,
Our valour will prove,
When for Freedom we fight,
And a Monarch we love.

Such our thirst of liberty,
Of honour, and of fame,
That we'll add another wreath
To our ancestors name ;
Our Volunteers as well will fight
For honour and applause,
And defy the French with all their arts
To alter our laws.

From the dunghill of France,
 Hark how loud the cock crows,
 And flapping his wings,
 His gay plumage he shews ;
 But with vanity swell'd,
 Should he ere take his flight,
 Or dare near the den
 Of the lion alight ;

Again, as of old,
 How old Leo will roar,
 And the shrill pipe of Chaunticleer
 Be drowned in gore ;
 All mangled and torn,
 Not a joint will remain,
 To denote that Britannia
 Has conquered again.

Should the gasconading Frenchman
 Attempt here to land ;
 Not Mynheers but true Britons
 He'd meet on the strand ;

Near our coast should his
Tri-colour'd flag wave in air,
All would march in a mass
With the brave Volunteer.

They ne'er shall plant on British ground
Their farcical pole,
For liberty is planted
In every Briton's soul;
Our Volunteers till death will fight
In such a glorious cause,
And still in Gallia's sons despite
Will shield their country's laws.

SONG,

FIRST SUNG AT

THE NEWCASTLE VOLUNTEER ANNUAL DINNER,
JANUARY 28. 1803.

WHEN unprovoked, when foreign foes,
When danger gave occasion,
Britannia's Volunteers arose
To shield her from invasion;
And still whilst other nations bow,
And lowly seek alliance,
Should France transgress, again they vow
To hurl a bold defiance.

The sons of Tyne, a youthful band,
With ardent resolution,
First armed to guard their native land,
Their King, and Constitution :

Again whene'er the cause invites,
Our liberties revering,
To guard those dear, those sacred rights,
They'll go a volunteering.

The shepherd now beneath his shed
At eye the dance provoking,
Takes up his loved neglected reed,
Long days of peace invoking :
To plough-shares though our swords we turn,
No more in arms appearing,
With friendship still our bosoms burn,
Kind actions volunteering.

POOR ORAN,

A SONG.

At evening young Oran was there,
Where the sea-breeze scarce ruffles the wave,
To the echo he sang of despair,
His sad tears to the ocean he gave.

Ismena, the theme of his song,
How cruel Ismena's thy case;
'Mongst captives a captive held long,
Detain'd from her Oran's embrace.

Poor Oran grown sick of the world,
Soon had buried his woes in the deep;
When the waves into mountains were hurl'd,
And dread lightnings illumin'd the steep

The minute-gun flash'd from afar,
The roaring seas deadened the sound ;
Oh, God ! shrieks the voice of despair !
The bark struck a rock,—'twas aground.

O'er the deep hung a black mantling cloud,
And darkness the waters o'ercast ;
The wretch was struck dead from the shroud,
As the thunderbolt shivered the mast.

Poor Oran then plunged in the waves,
And the helpless conveyed to the shores ;
From the wreck what a treasure he saves,
His Ismena ! kind heaven restores.

THE
MARRIAGE OF PELEUS,
A SONG.

IN heaven a contest once happened, 'tis said,
 'Twixt three rival goddesses fair ;
At the marriage of Peleus, I think I have read,
 And Hermes occasioned the war :
For cards he was ordered to carry to all,
But on purpose forgot on Discordea to call.

Incensed at this treatment, at once she resolved
 To spoil all their merriment there ;
Soon a project to do it, with ease she revolved,
 And a pippin she sent where they were :

In letters of gold round the apple she wrote,
 "To the fairest in heaven this fruit I devote."

First Juno surveying it, said 'twas her own,
 Pallas thought for herself 'twas decreed ;
 But Venus requested they'd let it alone,
 Crying,—“ Ladies, for shame, can't you read ?
 “ Look again, and I beg the inscription you'll note,
 To the fairest in heaven this fruit I devote.”

Soon a contest arose, which Jove would not decide,
 But persuaded at length all the three,
 In the judgment of Paris of Troy to confide,
 And contentedly wait his decree :
 Still Venus the apple's inscription would quote,
 “ To the fairest in heaven this fruit I devote.”

Large bribes soon to Paris were offer'd of course,
 And oft was his honesty tried ;
 Juno tempted him first with the helmet of Force,
 Pallas vowed to make Wisdom his bride ;

But the song of gay Venus set echo afloat,
 "To the fairest in heaven this fruit I devote."

An assemblage the day of election was call'd,
 The glad summons by all was obey'd;
 The immortals by Iris to Atlas recall'd,
 And Mercury Paris conveyed;
 Cupid shot him the apple transfix'd by his dart,
 And the words round the rind he engraved on his heart.

Now Juno and Pallas were close at his hand,
 Had curtsied, had both spoke him fair,
 Yet still the election remain'd at a stand,
 For Venus—how strange! was not there.
 No sooner the reason was ask'd, when behold,
 How gently her doves move her chariot of gold.

More mild than young Hope came sweet Venus along,
 With eyes sparkling brighter than day,
 And the Loves and the Graces, desire breathing throng,
 Scatter roses to perfume the way;

At her sight Paris prostrate presented the prize,
And huzzas shook the high vaulted dome of the skies.

Whilst Juno and Pallas in dudgeon retired,
Bright Venus moved onward to Jove,
Who embracing the goddess, by ecstasy fired,
Created her then Queen of Love :
The word through the synod aloud then was given,
And the Gods bent the knee to the fairest in heaven.

THE
INVASION,

A SONG.

BRITANNIA braves the powers of France,
Defies the vaunter's boast,
Indignant bids the slaves advance,
Who dare invade our coast.
To arms! to arms! brave Britons all,
Go forth, your country's might,
Gird on your swords at Honour's call,
And God defend the right.

The desperate foe, a lawless band,
If ocean can't restrain,
Must feel the valiant of the land
Can well the land maintain.
To arms, &c.

Poictiers and Cressy, drench'd in gore,
Long mourn'd their nobles kill'd,
Our English hearts, thrice-told, and more,
The ranks of Gallia fill'd.
To arms, &c.

Of gallant deeds, who has not read,
Where modern records tell,
How France before D'Acre fled,
How Abercromby fell?
To arms, &c.

The routed fleets of France avow,
 To her eternal shame,
 That Vincent, Duncan, Nelson, Howe,
 Have gain'd immortal Fame.
 To arms, &c.

Fight, Britons, fight it to the last,
 And let the wondering sun
 Behold your fathers deeds surpass'd,
 When Agincourt was won.
 To arms, &c.

THE
TENANT AT WILL,

A SONG.

My life is my farm, and my tenure how frail !

Yet my compact I'll honestly strive to fulfil ;

~~Then~~ Time, my old landlord, whenever I fail,

You are welcome to seize on your tenant at will.

I ask not, old Time, for a month or a day,

Whilst in health I'll most freely exert all my skill ;

And when in arrears, and unable to pay,

Then Time may arrest a bad tenant at will.

I'm thankful, old boy, for the good I receive,
 And no further expect than to reap as I till;
 But when I refuse a poor friend to relieve,
 Old Time rid the farm of your tenant at will.

In my summer of life I'll enjoy the repasts,
 No, nor yet shall old Winter my happiness chill;
 And when kindness endears not, nor gratitude lasts,
 Then old Time may eject a bad tenant at will.

No murmuring toll,—give the merry ding dong,—
 O'er my grave may my neighbours this bumper
 toast fill;

Prepare, and old Time, who will soon end my song,
 May seize when he lists on his tenant at will.

At my death drop no tear, but let joy conquer grief,
 Since I only remove to a better farm still;
 And when from infirmity age seeks relief,
 Old Time cures the pains of his tenant at will...

THE
BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

FOUGHT OCTOBER 21, 1805.

A SONG.

TUNE,—“ *Hearts of Oak.*”

STAND recorded the year eighteen hundred and five,
Till the sun is burnt out,—keep the action alive ;
When the sea-gods affrighted beheld their own flood,
Which for aye had been green, all o’er crimson’d
with blood.

CHORUS.

“ Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We’ll fight and we’ll conquer again and again.”

The hero whilst gallantly leading the van,
 His last signal hoisted—'twas this—*ev'ry man*
Is expected, his duty, with courage and skill
To exert, and the hopes of Old England fulfil.

Hearts of oak, &c.

How well they obey'd, ask the prostrated foe,
 Twenty ships of their line our lads took in tow ;
 But the shouts of the victors in grief died away,
 For the sun of the Nile set in glory that day.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Whilst France mourns the fate of her vain-glorious
 host,
 O'erwhelmed in the deep, or else wreck'd on the coast,
 He who tempers the winds, and to peace lulls the
 flood,
 To ride out the storm, guides the brave COLLING-
 WOOD.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Thy sands, oh, TRAFALGAR! a deadlier white
 Cast over the waters, whilst raging the fight,
 And the shells of the Tritons have rung through thy
 caves,

How the Acorn and Laurel entwine on the waves.
 Hearts of oak, &c.

Brave NELSON has taught us the proud foe to quell,
 And future brave NELSONS shall teach us as well;
 For the tars of the isles with each other will vie,
 Like NELSON to conquer—or like him to die.

Hearts of oak, &c.

THE
SHAKESPEARE CLUB,
COVENTRY.

A SONG.

WHEN our gallant Fourth Harry ruled over the land,
Here frequently held he his court ;
Here the Lancaster rose, the sweet bloom would
expand,
Hither then did the nobles resort :
From thence the old joke, " he's to Coventry sent,"
To learn polished grace and good breeding, was meant.
Fol lol, &c.

As if Nature this soil for her bounty had chose

Near the spot where assembled we are,

A phoenix of genius in short time arose,

Our far-famed dramatic Day Star.

To honour yourselves, let the bard here remain,

And to Coventry send us again and again.

Fol lol, &c.

By all so revered on his loved native ground,

Chanting sweetly his wood-notes so wild,

May the sweet swan of Avon be constantly found,—

In such sounds be your senses beguiled.

For ever and ever let Shakespeare remain,

And to Coventry send us again and again.

Fol lol, &c.

Here friendship, good humour, and mirth we invite,

Only turn we the key on old care;

Be Apollo and Momus our guests here to night,

For old Shakespeare's disciples we are.

K

May taste, health, and commerce, and Shakespeare
remain,

And to Coventry send us again and again.

Fol lol, &c.

THE
GARDENER'S SONG.

Of all the occupations,
A gardener is the best ;
For if in toil the day he spends,
How sweet at night he'll rest.
And a gard'ning we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a gard'ning we will go.

The first man was a gardener,
And Adam was his name ;
His garden was a paradise,
And ours may be the same,
If a gard'ning we do go, &c.

In proper season plant the seeds
Of virtue in the mind,
And keep it clear of idle weeds
And vice of every kind.
And a gard'ning we will go, &c.

Graft feeling, virtue, charity,
And honour deeply root;
The soil where these are earliest sown,
Shall yield the fairest fruit.
And a gard'ning we will go, &c.

The early blossom be your care,
Attend it day and night;
Of envy's chilling blasts beware,
Or all your buds 'twill blight.
And a gard'ning we will go, &c.

That all good men are gardeners,
How easy we could prove,

From him who earns his daily bread,
To George the king we love.
And a gard'ning we will go, &c.

And those of Rome, the most renowned,
Oft sought the peaceful shade,
And sick of all the pomp of war,
Held fast the plough and spade.
And a gard'ning we will go, &c.

The world a spacious garden is,
Divided into lots ;
Though small our share, we'll hold our own,
In spite of foreign plots.
And a gard'ning we will go, &c.

Whilst NELSON, SMITH, CORNWALLIS too,
Those matchless gardeners, toil,
France ne'er shall plant her bloody tree
Upon our happy soil.
And a gard'ning we will go, &c.

No foreign pulp transplanted here
Will flourish like our oak ;
The land its reared on it protects,
And guards from hostile stroke.
And a gard'ning we will go, &c.

Then let us sing, God bless the king,
And bless us gardeners all,
Our office-bearers, treasurer,
And he whom lord we call.
And a gard'ning we will go, &c.

CONTENTMENT,

A SONG.



WHEN purpling morn, her mantle bright
Throws loosely on dispelling night,
With joy I'll leave Maria's side,
To toil for her my greatest pride.
Contentment in our humble state,
Can make us greater than the great.

Distress industry never knows,
That blasting tempest never blows,
But turns its back, and passes o'er
The cot, where labour guards the door.
Contentment in our humble state,
Can make us greater than the great.

SONG,

WRITTEN ON THE SURRENDER OF THE DUTCH
FLEET, IN THE YEAR 1799.

THE BRITISH FLEET WAS COMMANDED BY LORD DUNCAN AND
ADMIRAL MITCHELL ;
THE LAND FORCES BY H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

TUNE—" *Whilst happy in my native land.*"

WHERE British youths encamped of late,
Where heroes thronged together,
Three weeping sisters mourned their fate,
And craved a monarch's favour.
"Great king!" they cried, "we suppliants are,
Love, Pity, and Compassion;
Oppressed Batavia is our care,
Oh, save a sinking nation!
"Restore Nassau, and Holland free
From galling Gallia's liberty."

Great BRUNSWICK heard their ardent prayer,
 The monarch vowed protection,
 To take Batavia to his care,
 And save them from subjection.
 My chieftains all will eager fly
 To aid this just endeavour ;
 " Oh, save !" he cried, " my old ally,
 Unite us now for ever ;
 My children, go ; Batavia's free
 From galling French fraternity."

With loudest shouts, the soldiers greet
 The long wished declaration,
 And Royal York, they all intreat,
 May head the embarkation :
 A trustier soldier, none more bold,
 Or more humane, came ever
 From valiant BRUNSWICK's loins of old ;
 More charitable,—never !
 May Britons brave Batavia free,
 To YORK God grant the victory.

The grateful sisters weep their thanks,
 The bursting acclamation
 Darts swift as lightning through the ranks,
 It acts like inspiration !
 The Orange streamers now behold
 With England's are united ;
 Thy sailors true, Nassau, of old
 Are sworn to see thee righted ;
 A happy omen may it be,
 To YORK God grant the victory !

Sweet smiling Peace may then be woo'd,
 And France religion nourish ;
 A monarch, pious, just, and good,
 Like George again may flourish.
 A race of heroes like our own,
 A queen, her subjects glory,
 Like our's may dignify his throne,
 The boast of future story ;
 And still may grateful Britons sing,
 God save the Queen to bless the King.

AGE AND YOUTH,

A SONG.

TUNE—" *By the gaily circling glass,*" &c.

YOUTH when flown, old Gripus, say,
What are riches good for, pray ?
All thy bags of hoarded pelf
Cannot buy a day of health,
Cannot give thee ease from pain,
Cannot make thee young again,
Cannot prop the drooping vine,
Cannot give the zest to wine.

Couldst thou, Midas like, of old,
 Touching change thy brass to gold,
 Vain,—it cannot give defence,
 Vanquish age, or wither'd sense ;
 Cannot give thee ease from pain,
 Cannot make thee young again,
 Cannot prop the drooping vine,
 Cannot give the zest to wine.

Ruddy god ! whom I adore,
 Striding on thy purple store ;
 Bacchus, come,—and thou than May
 Sweeter, Venus, come away :
 These can give thee ease from pain,
 Make you die and live again ;
 These can prop the drooping vine,
 Vast the power of love and wine.

Cheerful age, thy treasure spare,
 Pious youth thy ills shall share ;
 Know the joy that wealth imparts,
 Incense of the grateful hearts.

See that youth with wealth abound,
Bacchus be by Venus crowned;
See the tendrils round thee climb,
Clasping close the hoary vine.

Griper, hence!—thou shalt no more
Hidden trash count o'er and o'er;
Hark! e'en now I hear the bell
Murmuring toll thy passing knell:
Youth with wealth shall soon abound,
Bacchus be by Venus crowned,
Plenty prop the blooming vine,
And give the zest to love and wine.

THE
SKULL-CLUB,

A SONG.

TUNE—"Liberty-hall."

AT a synod the gods were all summoned to meet,
When Jove on the globe of the world set his feet,
Then informed them he thither had sent for them all,
That the news they might witness just brought from
Skull-hall.

Tol lol, &c.

"Skull-hall!" cries old Mars, "oh! I guess by the name,
'Tis where mortals deposit their trophies of fame;"
But Cupid urged Venus to whisper old Bluff,
To shut his trap-door, and not talk of such stuff.

Tol lol, &c.

The Thunderer then, starting up from his chair,
 For Mercury called to attend on him there,
 "And, ye Gods ! silence keep, whilst our herald pro-
 claims

Of Skull-hall and Skull-club, what is meant by
 the names."

Tol lol, &c.

Then Hermes began all the facts to unfold,
 " At Sunderland nightly this Skull-club they hold,
 Toast old-fashioned people long cold in the tomb,
 The Babylon Whore, or deceas'd Popes of Rome."

Tol, lol, &c.

" Old Shakespeare their patron, and Nelson they've
 chose,

And their Skulls whene'er drank all the members arose ;
 To banish political subjects their care,
 Or aught that might flush Dian's cheek were she
 there.

Tol lol, &c.

Gods, demi-gods, players, and mathematicians,
 Kings, poets, and painters, are drank with
 physicians ;

When a chap ev'ry round gives the table a blow,
 And vociferates loudly,—‘ Then here they all go.’

Tol lol, &c.

Cries Jove, “ since to talent just tribute they pay,
 The Skull-club shall flourish for ever and aye ;
 Record—that immortal like us they become ;”
 I say—“ Floreat Golgotha in Æternum.”

Tol lol, &c.

THE
SKULL CLUB,
A SONG.

GREAT Nature's darling son, awake,
Oh, list thy vot'ries' ardent prayer !
Giant Genius ! Shakespeare take
Our Skull-Club in thy guardian care !
Thy guardian care,
Thy guardian care,
Our Skull-Club in thy guardian care.

The awful shade of Shakespeare spoke !
" What mortals on my slumbers dare,
Intruding loud my name invoke,
That I should make their Club my care ?"
Their Club my care, &c.

L

With grateful thanks long have we, sire,
 Been feasted on thy honey'd fare ;
 Each banquet gives a fresh desire
 That thou would'st make our Club thy care,
 Our Club thy care, &c.

Respect for Science clad in earth,
 The pliant suckling youth to rear
 In rev'rence of departed worth,
 Our Alpha and Omega are,
 Omega are, &c.

To linger o'er the passage long
 That tells us what our fathers were,
 Or 'tend the pretty past'ral song,
 For modest merit claims our care.
 Claims our care, &c.

"Thou Goddess Nature be their guide!"
 Thus spoke the bard!—"By thee I swear
 Unseen I'll o'er their Club preside,
 And guard it with a parent's care."
 A parent's care, &c.



A SONG,

ADDRESSED TO THE WESTMINSTER ELECTORS, LORD PERCY
BEING A CANDIDATE AT THAT TIME.

TUNE—" *To Anacreon in Heaven,*" &c.

YE true friends of liberty, where can be found
One better entitled to hope for your choice,
Than a son of the Percy's, a name long renowned,
Could a Briton refuse to a Percy his voice?
Then let us combine with our rights to entwine
The scion that sprouts from so noble a line;
The man of the people long may he remain,
And the worth we lament live in Percy again.

Though the years are but few that have passed o'er
his head,

If youth be a crime, it will quickly away ;
Look for proof to that Heaven where virtue is fled ;
What statesmen were younger or wiser than they ?
Then let us combine with our rights to entwine
The scion that sprouts from so noble a line ;
The man of the people long may he remain,
And the worth we lament live in Percy again.

If the morn of his life future promise inspire,
Which youthful timidity now may conceal,
Yet the orator's force and the patriot's fire,
Hope whispers the splendour of noon will reveal.
Then let us combine with our rights to entwine
The scion that sprouts from so noble a line ;
The man of the people long may he remain,
And the worth we lament live in Percy again.

Of no factions, a victim to none let him bend ;
Far less devote truth for unmeaning buzzas ;
But loyalty always with liberty blend,
And live in his king and his country's praise.
Then let us combine with our rights to entwine
The scion that sprouts from so noble a line ;
The man of the people long may he remain,
And the worth we lament live in Percy again.

SONG,

ADDRESSED TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

WHERE the Tees, and the Were, and the Derwent
we trace,

On the Tyne's flowery borders, a brave manly race
Of old for their King, and their halcyon plains,
Oft defied the bold Scot, and the desperate Danes;
For each archer his arrow drew home to the head,
And the blood of the foe dyed the white feather red.

For each archer, &c.

Whilst our third royal Edward was busied in France,
Their bra' standards the Scots would towards Dun-
clen advance ;

But our Queen made them rue, as old history shews,
 And the royal Scots Thistle waved under the Rose :*
 For each archer his arrow drew home to the head,
 And the blood of the foe dyed the white feather red.

For each archer, &c.

At length England and Scotland together agreed
 But one country to make of both sides of the Tweed ;
 Then the engine arose on the Tees, Were, and Tyne,
 And toil clove asunder the jaws of the mine.
 Thus the arrow abandoned, the pick-axe instead
 Searched the womb of the earth for coal, iron, and
 lead.

Thus the arrow, &c.

But when the proud prows of pale Gallia advance,
 And old ocean reflects the rude colours of France ;
 In the dread hour of danger, yet never outdone,
 Our tars share the laurels old England has won.

* The battle of Durham, in which Queen Philippa made David King of Scotland her prisoner, and totally routed the Scots army, October the 17th, 1346.

For the offsprings of toil, their kind father, their friend,
 And their patron their King, with their lives will defend.

For the offsprings, &c.

Thus the brave Volunteers of our country will shew,
 Should our fields be defiled by a foot of the foe,
 That the standard of Liberty here is unfurl'd,
 And the Lion arous'd is a match for the world;
 For the offsprings of toil, their kind father, their friend,
 And their patron their King, with their lives will defend.

For the offsprings, &c.

So may Industry still be with Happiness crowned,
 To reward the dark miner who toils under ground;
 Though no sun lights his mine, may his cot be secure,
 And the law still protect both the rich and the poor.
 May kind heaven fowl blasts, damps, and dangers
 controul,
 And no want let him feel for the want of the COAL.

SONG,

BY MRS KEMBLE,

IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO.

WHEN you on ocean came from far,
Far from your native shore,
Where wolves and tygers wage the war,
And angry lyons roar;
I placed you safely in my cave,
Beneath the sheltering hill,
Then do not leave poor Yarico,
But love her, love her still.

I left my friends and parents dear,
Nor wept, nor said adieu;
I left my quiver, bow, and spear,
To live with love and you.

In you I see my joy, my all,
Dear charm for every ill;
Then think on sighing Yarico,
And love her, love her still.

EXTEMPORE BY
 BURNS, THE SCOTTISH BARD,*
 ON SEEING
 MRS KEMBLE PERFORM YARICO,
 AT DUMFRIES, IN THE YEAR 1795.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
 Of Moses and his rod;
 At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
 The rock in tears had flowed.

* These lines are here inserted, because some would-be poet in Dublin has printed them as his own production, addressed to another lady on her performance of the same character.

SONG

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF A PLAY PATRONIZED
BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE COLONEL EARL PERCY, AND THE
OFFICERS OF THE PERCY TENANTRY VOLUNTEERS,
DECEMBER THE 23. 1807.

TUNE—"Come, come my Jolly Lads," &c.

SEE Princely PERCY's flag is borne on high,
Whilst loud proclaims the drum,
A stout bold hardy race of heroes nigh ;—
They come, the Tenants come !
At PERCY's call—how gladly all,
Will leave their home—in arms to roam,
And with him stand or fall.

CHORUS.

Then let the song recite,—
In grateful lays, rehearse his praise,
The noble PERCY's might !
Who gives his heir, with you to share,
And shield your country's right.

His bounty has array'd, in warlike guise,
 The hardy sons of toil,
 And who so well as they the land can prize,
 The brothers of the soil?—
 Led by your lord, deep dye the sword,
 Or e'er the foe the blessings know
 Your fertile plains afford.
 Then let the song recite, &c.

The gallant loyal chief of this firm band,—
 What tongue can tell his worth!—
 Gives to his eldest hope, his son, command,
 To lead his soldiers forth;
 Where our young lord shall give the word,
 We all agree, the Tenantry,
 To march with one accord.
 Then let the song recite, &c.

SEA SONG.

MY father a sailor, a sailor I'd be,
And the voyage of my youth gaily ran;
Fresh breezes, free winds, scarce a swell on the sea,
All sails set, and flip in the can.

Many vessels I met, when provisions were low,
And how gladly I snatch'd them from grief;
For I thought a brave sailor should want never know,
Whilst my locker could yield him relief.

Weather-beaten, grown old, and my prog on the wane,
Spoke with those I assisted before;
Shewed signs of distress—but no help could obtain,
They up helm, bore away to the shore.

Grown feeble, Adversity's gale 'gan to frown,

And to leeward the current set fast,

By the harsh squalls of Poverty nearly run down,

Still Hope lash'd me safe to the mast.

Then correct observation preserved me from harm,

And the passage clear'd up in the end ;

For the quadrant of Honesty weather'd the storm,

So my reck'ning I learnt to amend.

In the harbour of Greenwich from danger and foes,

Thank the King, a snug birth I have found ;

My next voyage the ocean where no tempest blows,

For the port of Eternity bound.

SONG.

TUNE—"O 'tis a nice little Island."

ONCE Europa, I'll prove,
For Jupiter's love,
On a Bull swam the ocean to spy land;
And the pert cock of France,
Would fain take the same prance,
On a Bear to this sweet little island.
Oh 'tis a nice little island,
A right little tight little island;
And the pert cock of France
Would fain take the same prance,
On a Bear to this sweet little island.

But cries John Bull, "avast,
 Though a sheep's eye you've cast
 On this gem in the ocean, called my land;
 Yet take care as you cross,
 I don't give you a toss,
 May perhaps damp your cruise to this island.
 Oh 'tis a nice little island, &c.

"Though my tight little cock,
 If you'd perch on my rock,
 Why don't you fly over to dry land;
 Yet your feathers so gay,
 You may wet by the way,
 Ere you crow upon this little island."
 Oh 'tis a nice little island, &c.

Then the Corsican swore,
 Ere Lord Whitworth came o'er,
 In his flat-bottom'd boats he would try land;
 That ere Christmas should pass,
 He would hob-nob a glass
 With the Lord Mayor of this little island.
 Oh 'tis a nice little island, &c.

French, Spaniards, and Germans,
 Turks, Russians, and Romans,
 All join'd in a league to descry land ;
 But our sailors no doubt,
 Will with them try a bout,
 Ere they touch at this sweet little island.
 Oh 'tis a nice little island, &c.

Next the Danes they won o'er,
 Just to visit our shore,
 Or old Erin to plunder that nigh land ;
 But their ships we have taken
 Afore Copenhagen,
 And brought them all safe to this island.
 Oh 'tis a nice little island, &c.

And yet should they get here,
 Why what have we to fear ?
 Let 'em come, we'll invite 'em, and cry land ;
 And how cheerfully then
 Our bold tenantry men
 Would drive them from this little island.
 Oh 'tis a nice little island, &c.

But now sick at the heart,
Is this same Bonaparte,
When he views the white cliffs of our high land ;
For he knows the hope's vain,
That would blood-dye, or stain,
Sweet Freedom, the rose of the island.
Oh 'tis a nice little island, &c.

MARY OF BUTTERMERE,**A POEM,****IN THREE PARTS.****PART I.**

I'LL not abandon o'er my mind
To trumpet out his fame,
Who most can slaughter of his kind,
To raise himself a name.

Nor strive to give the long drawn aisle,
Nor banner won from Gaul,
Corinthian pillars,—Gothic style
Of the armorial hall.

I'll not invoke a muse of fire,
My artless tale to tell ;
Proud I to wake an humble lyre,—
The minstrel of the dell.

Nor yet the tocsin wish to sound,
Of death and dire distress ;
I peate invoke, the world around,
And human happiness.

Should bitter yew sometimes intrude,
A most unwelcome guest,
May grief by pity still be woo'd,
To calm the heaving breast.

Feronia, sylph of sylvan scene,
My vows to thee are paid ;
Come wrap me in thy robe of green,
Thou goddess of the shade.

May Flora skill botanic lend,
Impart her plantain power,
Teach me the colours how to blend,
And how to name the flower.

I paint the daisy's crimsoned hue,
The snow-white lily's bloom,
The pretty waving bell of blue,
The violet's perfume.

I sing the Fairies moss saloon,
The torch of glow-worms slime,
Where spreading oaks eclipse the moon,
And chirping crickets chime.

The shelving sweep the water takes,
The landscapes that appear;
How various every winding makes
The lake of Buttermere.

My story, lowly labour's lot,
The elm-seat and the style,
The woodbine twining round the cot
Of modesty and toil.

Old gossip Fame relates how now
Full many summers gone;
This virtuous pair exchanged a vow,
And marriage made them one.

And still 'tis rife the comely youth
Was all the village boast;
The maid for beauty, grace, and truth,
Was eke the village toast.

A sweeter couple never yet
Ere pledged a vow sincere;
A happier couple never met
On lake of Buttermere.

The fruit with which their love was crowned,
A female, heavenly fair ;
Her eyes bright gems, and fringed around
With darkest auburn hair.

But who shall paint a mother's throws
When first the infant cries,
Or who can tell the joy she knows
When at the breast it lies ?

You who devote to strangers' care
The offspring of your blood,
Say in your bosoms, wherefore bear
A useless milky flood ?

Hope not to know the tenfold bliss,
The blessing you destroy,
The smiling angel's cherub kiss,
The mother's gushing joy.

" Then when the clust'ring ivory peeps
 The crimson circles through,
 Around her heart what transport creeps,
 That heart to nature true.

" And when it first essays to walk,
 A greater pleasure's nigh,
 The mother's darling soon will talk,—
 What rapturous ecstasy!"

Just so was reared this charming rose,
 The maid we sing of here ;
 Nor yet a sweeter blossom blows
 On lake of Buttermere.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

MARY OF BUTTERMERE.

PART II.

AGAIN, my Muse,—a rural thing,
Culls blossoms in the vale,
And, little school'd, attempts to sing
Her simple artless tale.

Or treads the shaggy mountain's brow
To woo the sylvan queen,
Nor dreams of fame, or laurel'd bough ;
They wither as they green.

For Envy's blight too often rends
And rives them at a stroke ;
My humble shrub submissive bends,
'Fore blasts that split the oak.

Where budding hawthorns twining kiss
There loves the sylph to dwell,
Whilst trickling streams unite in bliss
Beneath her mossy cell.

Where sweet Religion, angel fair,
Serenely points the way,
And bids the innocent beware
The thoughtless, and the gay.

Or where with hymns the bird of night
Sits tending Cynthia's beams,
And nature lulled in soft delight,
Is soothed with golden dreams.

Where silence reigns in pensive mood,
Nor voice is heard around,
For if the ring-dove only coo'd,
She'd vanish at the sound.

Blessed spot ! where malice ne'er was known,
Where sacred Friendship hails
Fair Freedom on her acorn throne,
And honoured Truth prevails.

There dwells the goddess I must woo,
And string my harp with fear,
Whilst I of her the tale renew,
The maid of Buttermere.

Behold her like the damask sweet,
Just blinking on the thorn,
Her crimson blushes so would greet
The fragrance of the morn.

Or when pranked out in muslin jam,
With slip of apple-green,
As playful as the pretty lamb,
To slaughter trotting seen.

How oft the butterfly she'd chase,
And smart with many a fall,
Or with the primrose cowslips brace,
To make a summer's ball.

Soon as the hamlet's morning bell
Proclaimed the school time nigh,
With modest haste she'd bid farewell,
And thither instant hie.

Her bonnet dight with ribbons gay,
And lined with azure blue,
And proud she'd eye, whilst on her way,
The clasp that held her shoe.

At school obeisance due she'd make,
And silent take her seat;
How quick she would instruction take,
How well she would repeat!

To her the matron gave the prize,
No sordid motive swayed,
Though watching, and with partial eyes,
The daily progress made.

A 'kerchief cap, or ribbon gay,
Or chance a tortoise comb,
And she who best had spelt, they say,
In triumph wore it home.

Though MARY bore away the toy,
No play-mate loved her less,
No jealous spleen disturbed her joy,
None envied her success.

For oft the chance would she forego,
Nor contest enter in,
That others might the transport know,
And like her strive to win.

And ever would she share her store,
To each one give a part,
Such gentle conduct, more and more
Gained every youthful heart.

When she at last for aye withdrew,
Fast fell the gushing tear,
As sighs and sorrow sobb'd, adieu,
Sweet maid of Buttermere!

Now if she chanced to join the throng
That formed the rustic ring,
Mirth scattered, as she skipped along,
The odours of the spring.

Or sporting near the mossy grass,
That overhangs the steep,
Herself she saw, where clear as glass,
And slow the waters creep.

The youngling kid was not more mild,
Just dropt on rocks of snow,
Or bounding o'er the purple wild,
More lively not the doe.

Then rose affection, ah ! how sweet,
How free of guile or art,
Unmanacled by black deceit,
That gangrene of the heart.

Thus passed her infant hours away,
No cloud of care or strife
Hung o'er her joyful summer's day,
The morning of her life.

Yet heaven doth oft afflict the just
With poverty and pains,
Whilst vain presumption puts his trust,
In castles, and domains.

Be patient, man, whate'er thy lot,
Whatever grief assails,
Nor think thy virtues are forgot,
For vice a while prevails.

Though wither'd autumn shake his leaf,
Though winter blasts the year,
Remember spring will bring relief,
Sweet maid of Buttermere.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

N

MARY OF BUTTERMERE.**PART III.**

ON say, loved poet, whence the light,
The gush of radiant fire ?
Oh ! whence that lustre, dazzling sight,
Which streams across thy lyre ?

'Tis she herself, the most sublime,
And eldest of the sun,
The all-commanding Muse is thine,
And honour's goal is won !

On her right hand now take thy place
Amongst the sons of fame ;
Behold her on her records trace,
A SCOTT and MARMION's name !

Too weak the pastoral reed, too faint,
And all unfit my verse,
The mad'ning storm of grief to paint,
Or tragic woes rehearse.

Could thy celestial Muse descend,
Or lend a glimm'ring ray,—
Or spark of that effulgence send
That lights the Minstrel's Lay!

Then might I hope Attention long
On Feeling would prevail,
To listen to the simple song
That tells the moral tale.

Where the smooth lake expanding bold,
Majestic winds with ease,
A small neat cottage we behold,
Amidst the tufted trees.

And still the sage may there recline,
And, free from worldly din,
Enjoy a prospect, how sublime!
From this romantic inn.

The happy couple on that morn
Most bless'd of all the year,
Here came, and MARY here was born,
The maid of Buttermere.

'Twas here they formed her pliant mind
To industry and truth;
And love and health with joy combined,
And innocence with youth.

Well she repaid their pious care,
And meekly soothed their pain ;
Sour sorrow age but ill can bear,
When vigour's on the wane.

The charge she took of all around,
Attended all the guests,
And joyed her parents days were crowned
With competence and rest.

For well the poet's verse they know
Repeated oft his song,
" Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

So young, 'tis wondrous to relate,
How courtly she'd receive
The nobles at her cottage gate,
How graceful take her leave.

Nor e'er by bliss so giddy made,
That want should sue in vain,
Or poverty, by age decayed,
Should ask, and not obtain.

Thus modest, humble, good, and wise,
As sure beloved as known,
She caused the fair Sabrina rise,
And this her envious moan,

"Neglected lake! thy smooth, clear face,
Unmarked may silent stray,
Thy banks but rear a flowery race
To bloom and fade away!

"Thy rocks but echo MARY's praise;
Thy larks, that upward fly,
Give all to her their vocal lays,
Her heralds to the sky.

"E'en the wrapt poet quits the scene,
Where with the Muse he strayed
Along thy flower-embroidered green,
With perfumed tints inlaid."

Still MARY though by many woo'd,
Kept free her virgin heart,
Nor knew the thorns that passion strewed
O'er love's envenomed dart.

When men, false men, their vows forsake,
And women sigh and whine,
Or, raging as the winds that shake
The lofty mountain pine.

Yet MARY fell before the storm,
Too weak with love to cope,
When vice arrayed in angel form
Assumed the name of HOPE !

His graceful mien and youthful prime
Might lead cold minds astray ;
A devil so expert in crime,
But seldom lost his prey.

Full many a yielding love-sick maid
His wily snares had caught,
Who weep their innocence betrayed,
And shame how dearly bought.

Too well he saw his cursed arts
By vulgar means must fail ;
With MARY, vows, and flames, and darts,
Would naught, he knew, prevail.

But wrapt in honour's sacred vest,
And false assumed name,
He stole upon as chaste a breast
As her's of Roman fame.

With youth, and wealth, and title too,
Such gilded snares were laid,
Which proffer'd wedlock closer drew,
He won the timid maid.

He led her to the altar's face,
His knee he lowly bowed,
And then to witness his grimace,
On God he called aloud !

No thunder shook the vaulted aisle,
No vivid lightning flashed,
No gibbering spectres ghastly smile,
The practised sin abashed.

Yet quicker than the lightning's speed,
The angel mounts the sky ;
On records endless stamps the deed,
The impious daring lie.

And wild alarm cries loud at times,
That guilt, howe'er elate,
Here meets, just punishment of crimes,—
An ignominious fate!

Yet when the Judge of all shall come,
And saints thy terrors share,
May God avert the pending doom,
And great in mercy, spare!

Lo as they quit the sacred dome,
A virgin band draws near,
In robes of white, to usher home
The bride of Buttermere.

And ding dong swung the merry bells,
From morn till night they peal'd,
Along the lake the echo tells
What MARY wished concealed.

Then circled quick the blood-red wine,
Till life and tabor gay
Invite the dance, where youth divine
And beauty led the way.

And long had Dian's beaming car,
All glorious to the sight,
Extinguished every glittering star,
Ere transport bid good night.

Ah, happy hours ! how fast ye fled,
How short are guilty joys !
The sword hung o'er the bridegroom's head,
And terror love destroys.

By justice overtook, how meet,
E'en pity shunn'd his cause,
When hunted to his last retreat
From violated laws.

The pond'rous key, the iron door,
Present a sight of awe,
Whilst o'er the dungeon's loathsome floor
Was spread his crib of straw.

Arraign'd, tried, guilty found, and cast,
All hope for forgery vain,
To execution dragg'd at last,
Death closed the scene of shame.

Despair had chill'd the sense of woe,
With her of joy forlorn ;
Yet as the bell toll'd deep and low,
An orphan babe was born.

With mad'ning shriek, and gesture wild,
And look foreboding storm,
She to her bosom clasp'd the child,
And kiss'd its helpless form.

A flood of tears soon brought her relief,
She gave her babe the breast,
He smiled, and she forgot her grief,
Whilst lulling him to rest.

“Thy father’s deed was none of thine,”
She’d cry, “nor thine the shame!
From thee, my love, the care be mine
To hide his guilty name.”

“How sweet the hope! I feel, I own,
New rapture springs within,
To think thy virtues may atone
For all thy father’s sin.”

But calm repose, which pregnancy hails,
Bland peace and mild content;
When fled,—the kindly fluid fails
Distilling nutriment.

Know ye, each sigh the mother heaves,
Each pang her bosom knows,
The hapless innocent receives,
Sad part'ner in her woes!

Hence premature will labour come,
When Nature forced astray,
The foetus tears from forth the womb,
Unfit to meet the day.

With horror mute, and terror wild,
The watchful guards of night,
No wonder wretched Mary's child
Too early saw the light.

The promised hope that chased the sigh
Dissolved in empty air;
She saw him close his dimmed eye,
And shriek'd aloud despair.

And lonely years were past and gone,
And beauty on the wane,
Ere Mary was prevail'd upon
To plight her troth again.

She fancy'd life an idle dream,
On other hopes intent ;
Yet suffered friendship and esteem
To fold her in content.

Too chaste to feel a second love,
Her soul the truth profess'd ;
She vowed a faithful wife to prove,
Her helpmate owns him bless'd.

Still Mary haunts the winding dell,
Her spotless bosom clear
As is the lake we bid farewell—
Farewell, sweet Buttermere.

LINES

ON THE

FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD COURTNEY.



WHEREFORE the brazen twang of yonder bell,
By sobbing breezes borne along the vale?
Why does its iron tongue strike forth the knell?
Who is't the weeping multitude bewail?

Oh! sorrowing sight! O God!—'tis Courtney's bier,
'Tis honoured Courtney's hearse moves slowly on,
From every eye fast falls the briny tear,
They mourn the Father of the hamlet gone!

Now, where shall poverty a shelter find ?

Where shall the wretched now for comfort seek ?

He's dead, alas ! who felt for all mankind,

The young and old, the aged and the weak !

Calamity oft sued to be relieved,

But never, never did she sue in vain ;

Full sorely must the wretched man be grieved,

Who ne'er can hope to see his like again.

Can widows tears, the orphan's lifted eye,

The wish of age, and lisping innocence ;—

If prayers of these are ever heard on high,

Then Courtenay's deeds must meet a recompense.

Nerved with that hope, the good man meets his fate ;

At that dread hour his charities prevail ;

They give him strength to knock at Heaven's gate,

When God and angels his appearance hail.

ON
 THE SUDDEN DEATH
 OF
 THE HONOURABLE
 MISS ELENOR COURTENAY,
 A YOUNG LADY NOT SEVENTEEN.

WHY droops the lily ere its sweets are known,
 Or ere its infant leaves perfume the vale?
 Why fades the new-born jessamine unblown,
 The blighted eglantine and primrose pale?

Who is't can tell? alas! I ask in vain;
 And ah! as vainly ELENOR deplore!
 In early life she vanished from the plain,
 And closed her maiden eyes to shine no more!

Her unaffected gentleness of soul,
The virtues that adorned her youthful mind ;
These, these reflections can alone console
The anguished bosoms she has left behind.

Come let us deck her virgin bier with flowers,
Let's cull us various herbs of various hue,
And wild thyme, rue, and rosemary be ours,
Fresh plucked, as sipping in the morning's dew.

In sad array, come lay her all alone,
Let's to her God, the gentlest maid restore :
What though her beauty fade beneath this stone,
Her soul is wrapt in bliss for evermore.

LINES

ON THE

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S RETURN TO ALNWICK,
AFTER AN ABSENCE OF FOUR YEARS, ON WHICH OCCASION
HIS GRACE'S TENANTRY MET HIM AT FELTON,
AUGUST 1796.

MIGHT an unlettered bard pour out his lay,
Could homely lines add dignity to worth ;
With grateful thousands he would hail the day,
That brought back Percy to his native north.

Once more he comes to cheer the country round,
The friend of man, warm patron of the poor ;
With charity, chaste cherub, ever found,
Beck'ning the wretched to the good man's door.

In early youth well trained to feats of war,
 He added lustre e'en to Percy's name,
 And now he seeks by actions nobler far,
 By patriot zeal, to win immortal fame.

Can the destructive sword which thins mankind,
 Or the proud conquest choired by widows groans,
 Mingled with cries of orphans left behind,
 Accord with feelings such as Percy owns ?

Oh, no ! his soul was formed in Pity's mould,
 By heaven designed to shield the child of woe ;
 The suffering suppliant cannot be too bold,
 Oppression only finds in him a foe.

" Go forth, ye Tenants of these happy plains,"
 Northumbria cries, and all obey her word ;
 " Welcome my Percy to his vast domains,
 Your friend, your father, and your loving lord."

Oh, what a triumph ! Percy sure was proud,
As with his name the walls of Alnwick rung ;
Not the faint triumph of the hireling crowd,
Which oft the venal muse hath basely sung.

Live, Percy ! live to man's extremest age,
And may thy offspring emulate their sire,
Like thee alone in virtue's cause engage,
And mix the patron's with the patriot's fire.

LINES

TO

MR BELLAMY,

ON NOT GOING TO SUPPER WITH HIM, ACCORDING TO
PROMISE.

PRAY let me entreat you'll excuse
My drinking your bottle to night ;
No lawyer my plea could refuse,
For I'll *shew cause* to prove I am right.

My wife had invited a friend,
To sup with us after the play ;
And as truth must appear in the end,
Insisted that home I should stay.

Yet suffer not now, prythee, Bell,
Ah, me ! thy passion to roar ;
But learn ere you d—n me to hell,
That she'll never do so any more.

You know 'tis my plan to shun strife,
To succeed I must sometimes obey ;
Though I have heard to be quiet for life,
Madam must not have always her way.

ON
AN OLD MAID.

Oh! now my muse of love, whose mad'ning pain
Thrills at my heart, and throbs in every vein;
Of love your poet fain would pour the song,
My silent plaints by zephyr borne along,
Stop in its course the wanton summer down,
The bloom of peach, or else ananas crown;
And though ere while it frolick'd gay in air,
Or in the sun-beam glitter'd here and there;
With sighs surcharged it sinks, unwelcome guest,

On infant flowers, whose tender stalks oppress'd,
 Fade ere they blossom on their mother's breast.
 My passion, Nature's blight, thus blasts my fame,
 Joining destroyer to a lover's name :
 Yet have I, Muse, oft through the weary day,
 Most like I own to many a silly ninny,
 Sigh'd for a fair than Badger grown more gray ;
 Still, in despite of Time, who no one spares,
 My aged love apes all her girlish airs,
 Although the locks are thinned of virgin Whinny,
 All this my charmer values not a fig ;
 But Time deriding 'neath an auburn wig,
 And still encircled by the young and gay,
 She hails the night, and loaths the coming day,
 For day-light shews December is not May.
 Can physic purge off love ? Oh ! bring me manna,
 Or, if a vomit, ipecacuanha ;
 It will not do !—oh, then my muse inspire,
 Teach me the antiquated maid to move ;
 Perdition seize me, but I'm all on fire !

I feel the tortures of some hellish soul !

My gizzard's scorched, it crackles like a coal,

It blazes bright, fit sacrifice for love.

But soft, my muse, don't burn me up too fast,

Say shall I finger Whinny's gold at last?

'Tis that which fans the flame of my desire,

And not in mingled blisses to expire,

Can fusty fifty love more fierce require?

But fye, my muse, in vulgar phrase you run,

Do pray end flowery muse as you begun.

Of love again I sing, almighty love !

For once the old hard heart of Whinny move ;

Oh make it soft as are the pairing doves,

More mild than when they wing to mate their loves,

Sweet as responsive cooings in the dales,

When tranced in ecstasy great love prevails.

Can Fate ordain, that I of all the swains

That tread the matted greensward of the plains,

Should sing for aye of love, and reap no gains ?

Quickly, oh quickly, Fate, reverse the scene;

Let me at last the golden harvest glean;

Oh melt me, frigid fifty, like sixteen.

Then if the stars, as envious of her charms,

Should snatch the ancient fair one from my arms,

I'd not complain of heaven, or madly rave,

But silent tend my Whinny to her grave;

So would the airy gossamer regain

Its wonted gambols in Aolias' train,

LINES

ON A YOUNG LADY.

OH! bring the maid whose sunny hair
Waves careless in the summer air ;
And as the tendril clasps the vine,
Around her temples loves to twine ;
The veil which shades her beaming eye,
Is fringed with deepest auburn dye ;
Her ruby lips the cherry's red,
Their fresh vermilion overspread ;
Within the dimples of her face
Sly love at bo-peep plays with grace ;

Her teeth so white, the drifted snow
No tempest ever bleached so ;
Her perfumed breath exceeds the gale,
When woodbine sweets perfume the vale ;
Her Hebe face and youthful form
Some sylvan deity might charm ;
Who, as she passed, would bending say,
“ Hail goddess of the dawning day !”
If, as you range the mountain's height,
An angel form entrance your sight,
Majestic as the wife of Jove,
Yet softer than the Queen of Love,
Who might have won the Trojan boy,
And saved from flames renowned Troy ;
For Menelaus had kept his wife,—
Nor Helen's loss, nor Grecian strife,
Would have employed a single rhyme,
Had Paris seen her shape divine.

Oh! bring her back no more to rove,
'Tis heaven possessing her I love :
These water colours far too faint
My peerless Portia's portrait paint.

TO
A FRIEND

ON HIS
DRINKING BRANDY.

DEAR friend, in my wishes believe me sincere,
And believe my professions are true ;
Believe me your sickness awakens my fear,
And believe I recover with you.

At forty you'll own it is high time, my friend,—
And those years we have seen all but two,—
That Reason should rule, and Intemperance end,
So I'll drink no more brandy—will you ?

Men often resolve their ill habits to mend,
 But alas ! the examples how few ;
 Yet as all we revere on our efforts depend,
 There's no choice left for me or for you.

The sun is obscured for a while by a cloud,
 And to fogs, mists, and vapours, gives way ;
 But he in a moment can quit his black shroud,
 And again on the earth pour the day.

This instance is mentioned, because it may tend
 What we promise to make us fulfil ;
 Since it proves when we chuse that our folly shall end,
 We can end it whenever we will.

I've made up my mind, and my vow I'll ne'er break,
 So I bid my acquaintance adieu ;
 And wish from my soul, for your family's sake
 I could force the like vow upon you.



ON
A CERTAIN PERSON.

WHEN Malice spreads her withering wiles,
And Envy aids her hell-born art,
She draws her dagger 'midst her smiles,
And stabs the unsuspecting heart.

With thee do both these demons dwell,
Thou imp of fraud and guile,
Belched from the fullest pit of hell,
At once to stab and smile.

ON
THE SLAVE TRADE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1784,
BEING THEN FULLY CONVINCED, THAT ALL WAS TRUTH
CONTAINED IN THIS POEM.

If hid in total shade, where never day
Consoled the weary pilgrim on his way,
Where never sun was seen, where all was night,
Where worlds on worlds eclipsed the coming light;
In so unblessed a spot, if means were found,
To chase the night, and fling bright day around,
Is it in human thought to comprehend,
What glory, praise, and honour would attend,

On him who should impart so great a bliss,
 And thus bestow on millions happiness?
 Would they not bend the knee, adore the clod,
 Forget the man, and idolize their God?
 So Afric's swarthy sons shall bow to earth,
 And hail the dearer light, religion's birth;
 Adore one God, the sovereign Lord of all,
 By whose command, at whose resistless call,
 The merchant spreads his canvas to the wind,
 Swell'd are the sails, no tempests howl behind;
 Lightly he skims it o'er the far spread wave,
 And lands, so heaven decrees, in time to save
 Wretches, whose lives are forfeit to the state,
 Chained to the pile, united to its fate.
 But Mercy, mild as all reviving dew,
 Preserves from fire, and gives them life anew!
 How easy sits on such the term of slave,
 Grateful to those who but transport to save.
 To saye indeed; for Coan never knew
 The God who made him, nor the praise how due

To mercy infinite! but once shewn the light,
The dawn of reason,—with what true delight,
How earnestly his fervid thanks he'll pay,
And kiss the hand that led him on his way;
Snatch'd him from error, ignorance, and death,
And taught him feeling, piety, and faith.
Britons, pursue, pursue the rightful plan,
And teach religion to the savage man;
Instruct him how in time he may be free,
And let desert insure his liberty.
Then if perchance he should return once more
To the loved raptures of Angola's shore;
Thousands would crowd around him as he spoke,
Whilst he in fervent prayer would God invoke,
To bless his labours, and convert the whole,
And meek religion fill each feeling soul.
So would the Gospel visit every land,
From the bleak north to Afric's burning sand;
So unborn millions would your memory bless
The source to them of endless happiness.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1808.

BEING

FULLY CONVINCED OF MY FORMER ERRORS.

YE sons of Afric, as these words ye scan,
Call me not savage, white, ferocious man !
Nor think I hear unmoved the wretched moan,
Or fancy music in the dying groan !
My heart still beats, I trust, to Nature true,
Mankind my brothers whatsoe'er their hue.

When greedy Avarice grinned a ghastly smile,
And Sin was clad in angel robes a while ;

Made they religion the vile stalking horse,
 For pillage, rapine, murder, and what's worse,
 Her sacred form concealed their foul designs,
 Her wings the shadow of the blackest crimes.

The serpent thus assumed, with quick dispatch,
 A cherub's brightness to elude the watch ;
 His God-like port the heavenly guard had awed,
 But his dimm'd lustre soon betrayed the fraud.

Just so deceit, the arch-fiend's friend of old,
 By truth compelled, truth only to unfold ;
 Such scenes exposed of such a deadly dye,
 That hell through all its caverns heaved a sigh,
 And the damn'd shrunk from bondsmen's misery! }

Friends of the human race, this act divine
 Shall never envy dare to undermine ;
 The Abolition ! the most splendid page
 That e'er was penn'd by the historic sage,

To latest ages be it handed down,
Your first, best, brightest title to renown :
Trader in blood, thy horrid course is run,
Rejoice ye dusky children of the sun ;
Applauding Britain hears the just decree
Exulting in the knell of slavery.

OLD AGE.

By my friends I'm daily told,
Stephen, Stephen, you grow old;
Vainly then they cant on care,
Shrivelled face, and silvered hair;
Nay, persist that they descry,
Wrinkles too, and hollow eye.
These because I cannot see,
Age; they say, has blinded me :
Then they swear my teeth are gone,
Though I never lost but one.

Ye who sing so oft of it,
 Sad news, namby pamby wit ;
 Loose as ancient Madam's gown,
 Hangs, they cry, my belly down.
 Thus I answer, be it so,
 On my pate fall mountain snow ;
 Age for me can bring no care,
 Welcome, welcome, silver hair.
 When my wrinkles I espy,
 Hollow teeth, and hollow eye ;
 When my nose and chin are one,
 And my " fair round belly's" gone :—
 Then I'll say 'tis very true,
 I should come to this I knew ;
 This my mirth shall ne'er alloy,
 Still I'll cling to every joy.
 Let me on the banquet feast
 With good breeding at the least ;
 When we leave a friend's abode,
 Thanks are due for all bestowed :

Shall I, Heaven, offer less,
 Source eterne of happiness?
 Say, my friends, when I depart,
 "There he goes, a merry heart;"
 Add to this, without a sigh,
 "As he lived, he wished to die."
 Sin there is in being sad,
 To be grateful's to be glad;
 Crabbed age shews life mispent,
 Joyful age bespeaks content.
 Wise is he whose stake at last
 Makes amends for losses past;
 Since I've little time to waste,
 I'll more freely pleasure taste.
 Mine's to day, and I'll enjoy
 Pleasures that too soon may cloy;
 When I can't partake of these,
 Take me, death, whene'er you please,
 Burnt unto the socket's snout,
 Save a stink, and snuff me out.

N I G H T.

MARK, thoughtless mortals, mark the close of day,
Mark the last blush of yon departing ray ;
Mark too, on restless wing Time glides along,
Mark this, and profit whilst thy life be young.
Lo ! yet ere darkness takes her turn to reign,
Whilst twilight glimmers on the shadowed plain,
High o'er the mountain hangs the shepherd's clock,
Warning the time, to fold the straggling flock ;
Some brouse at hand, some range the daisied dell,
Their wanderings blabbed on by the tinkling bell ;
The lowing herds stand midway in the tide,
Lashing the hornets from their tortured hide ;

Low wings the crow to yonder lofty wood,
 Where safe her nest has many summers stood;
 The ruddy peasant, labour's healthy heir,
 Has finished now another day of care,
 And homeward bends his steps,—O happy lot!—
 To love and peace, the inmates of his cot.
 Behold a scene of inexpressive bliss,
 A throng of Cupids wrangling for a kiss;
 This clasps his knee, and this would higher climb,
 Another's lily arms his neck entwine;
 Their youngest hope, the mother's darling boy,
 Springs from the breast to share the envied joy:
 Say, can the lofty marble's pillar'd dome
 Present its lord a more delightful home?
 Now starts the traveller at the softest breeze,
 That gaily wantons 'mongst the leafy trees,
 Oft to his longing, disappointed eyes,
 As fancy paints, the wished for inn he spies;
 Whilst, panic struck, each shrub he makes a thief,
 And faster goads his courser o'er the heath.

When silver tissue gilds the clouded sky,
Then comes apace the Night's coy majesty :
Behold how faintly glimmers every star,
Whilst darkness flies before her beaming car ;
When the gaunt wolf begins his nightly prowling,
And frights the desert with his hideous howl ;
When weary limbs in guiltless slumbers stretch,
Then stalks abroad the murder dealing wretch ;
The ghastly savage brandishes his knife
Red with the blood of fast expiring life :
Whilst stretched on straw the innocent can rest,
Sleep seldom hovers o'er the guilty breast ;
The downy pillow, and the costly bed,
Rouse in the villain's mind the murdered dead ;
Then starts he oft, and stares, and screams aloud,
And wraps the living in a sheeted shroud ;
There panting lies until the morn appears
Chasing the night, and all his shapeless fears.
The guileless hind springs with the early rays,
And, prostrate falling, kneels in grateful praise ;

Next with his children shares the wholesome feast,
And finds his vigour by his rest encreas'd ;
Then forth he goes once more to turn the soil,
The cheerful, healthy, happy son of toil.
How many splendid wretched slaves of state
Ne'er know the blessings that on virtue wait.
Mark, thoughtless mortals, mark this moral truth,—
In age you pay for every sin of youth :
Square all your actions by the rule of right,
And you may slumber out the longest night.

ADMONITIONS.

YOUR moments enjoy in the season of youth,
Yet think what may happen to-morrow ;—
That riches are bubbles,—that virtue and truth
Best shelter the aged from sorrow.

With innocent mirth mingle freely among,
Of Josephs or Monks never borrow ;
For virtue condemns not the dance or the song,—
These cannot on old age bring sorrow.

Let your heart and your tongue be faithful allies,
Say to day what you'll swear on to-morrow ;
Your word be your bond, just as dear as your eyes,—
This blinds not the aged with sorrow.

Shun vice, though arrayed like an angel of light,
No matter what shape she may borrow ;
She'll a Proteus appear to lead you from right,
And bring on your age shame and sorrow.

Live honoured, beloved, and revered by the best,
Just so, that when comes the sad morrow,
The young and the old may attend you to rest,
And hope cheer the anguish of sorrow.

This secures you a seat 'mongst the spirits above,
In eternity lost is to-morrow ;
All is rapture, all joy, all a transport of love,—
Here ends the dominion of sorrow.

THE
WISHES.

GIVE me, gods, a wish to please,
Give me competence and ease ;
Give enough, and some to spare,
Give, that I may largely share ;
Give me others wants to heal,
Give the heavenly joy—to feel ;
Give a cottage always neat,
Give the social beechy seat ;
Give, to flow on every side,
Give the riv'lets stilly tide ;

Give it through my fields to stray,
Give the winding, sweet delay ;
Give, that they may wanton toy,
Give my fleeces health and joy ;
Give me birds on every bush,
Give the linnet, give the thrush ;
Give the lark for early clock,
Give the day-proclaiming cock ;
Give, for walks in dewy morn,
Give me fields of waving corn ;
Give the lusty peasant's smile,
Give the glad reward of toil ;
Give me hives of honey'd bees,
Give the fruit to load my trees ;
Give me woodbines for my bower,
Give the sweets of every flower ;
Give the juice of clustring vine,
Give, oh give the draught divine ;
Give the purple grape to flow,
Give me nectar here below ;

Give the bumper, fill it high,
Give it,—'till the bottom's dry ;
Give around the friendly flask,
Give it, give it, drain the cask ;
Give the toast that ne'er can cloy,
Give dear woman, source of joy ;
Give to echo long to dwell,
Give, reluctant give, farewell ;
Give my children peace and ease,
Give them modesty to please ;
Give Religion's placid reign,
Give they seek her not in vain ;
Give they so may virtue prize,
Give they so may vice despise ;
Give them goodness, give them worth,
Give all blessings here on earth ;
Give the sum of all that's meant,
Give them grace, and me content.

THE
BARD OF NEEDWOOD.

Oh, Muse, impart a stream of light,
Come mount me the Parnassian height,
Thence would I snatch the blooming bays
Should crown the Bard of Needwood's praise.
Give me the mighty mystic wand
With which he charmed the sylvan band,
When fays and fairies, in a throng,
Were spell-bound by his witching song;
When e'en old Dove attentive stood,
And, whispering, chid the creeping flood;
Then mad with joy, loud rung the shell
Which floated murm'ring down the swell,

Till the loved music Zephyr gave
 To Echo in her airy cave :
 The power is thine, the strong controul,
 To whom the Muse imparts her soul.
 Since Milton's giant genius fled,
 And dust has covered Thomson's head,
 Like Needwood's Bard,—great Nature's course,—
 Who yet has sketched with equal force ?
 Like Needwood's Bard, with equal grace,
 Who yet has painted Nature's face ?
 Oh were such force at my command,
 I'd bow creation to my hand ;
 Upon the stars make witches ride,
 Or else the fleet air's couriers guide ;
 With Dian mount her golden seat,
 And bid the noisy tides retreat ;
 Or stay the angry mermaid's yell
 What time she shrieks the seaman's knell ;
 Or with a master's magic skill
 The breeze with honey'd numbers fill,

Describe the stilly streamlets route,
Whose sedges hide the speckled trout;
Or where the nest in flowery bush
Cradles the younglings of the thrush;
The blossomed curtains, sweeter far
Than Arabs scented perfumes are,
Whose costly incense fills the sky
Where stands the kingly canopy.
Sweet Bard! the envied lot be thine
To give the pointed, nervous line,
Possessing all the Mantuan's might
To wrap the soul in soft delight;
Mourn, mourn again the riving stroke,
Which even threat'ned Swilcar's oak;
The lonely mark where erst he stood
The monarch of the waving wood;
There still, as autumn's life declined,
And annuals fled before the wind,
The winter's shrubs have braved the blast,
Deriding every storm that past:

True friendship's type, whose sacred aid
Nor change nor time has e'er decay'd,
Unlike the flower that blooms a day,
Then, like acquaintance, fades away;
But firm amidst the driving scene
The holly spreads his evergreen.
Oh grant the Muse her dear desire,
The thrilling music of thy lyre;
And when she sings her poet's fame,
She'll fondly dwell on Mundy's name.

EPIGRAM.



WHY should a maiden, newly wed,
Deserve to be forsaken?
Why, has she not the man misled
When she herself's miss-taken.

EPIGRAM.

A STRANGER by the highway side,
Was by a lusty beggar plied ;
But vain, alas, his piteous moan,
Till thus he said, and heaved a groan :—
“ I must—though ’gainst my will it wars—
Go do a deed my soul abhors !”
This quickly smoothed the stranger’s frown,
He said, and gave him half-a-crown,—
“ What direful crime within you lurk’d ?”
“ Oh, sir,” he cried, “ I must have work’d !”

EPIGRAM ON MYSELF.

So fat am I grown, I'm become quite the stare;
Tother day, as I walked down the Strand,
This question was put by a Cyprian fair,—
“Will you let me for godmother stand?”

EPIGRAM

ON A CRABBED, MOROSE LANDLORD,

WHO KEPT THE SIGN OF THE ANGEL.

Is it true, that * * * * is grown rich at his inn?
Then 'tis false what we've heard of before;
For 'twas said, that the devil himself lived within,
And an angel was hang'd at the door.

EPILOGUE

ON

OPENING THE NEW THEATRE, ABERDEEN.

WHEN genius dawned amid a darkling age,
Old Thespis lived, the father of the stage;
He raised his theatre with no great art,
For all his heroes thundered from a cart.
But, as mankind grew polished and refined,
In lofty domes the scenic Muse reclined;
Her voice, like magic, charmed the astonished sage,
And spread from Greece to Rome her matchless page.

A spacious edifice soon raised its head,
 Where Pompey listened to the sorrowing maid;
 Her sister too, Thalia, scattered round
 Her lavish sweetness o'er the fairy ground;
 The arts combined with eloquence and ease,
 And strove with all their wond'rous power to please;
 Music's soft accents filled the fancied grove,
 And young Apollo touched the chord of love;
 The infant sisters, fairest of the nine,
 Nor ocean could restrain, nor realms confine;
 "To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 "To raise the genius, and to mend the-heart."
 For this they journied on through tracks unknown,
 And charmed Britannia on her sea-girt throne;
 This modern Athens, classically stored,
 They early visited with *bon accord*.^{*}
 But still no temple reared its head on high,
 No incense rolled its fragrance to the sky.

^{*} *Bon Accord*, is the motto to the Aberdeen arms.

Dee * mourned the want, and fondly poured a tear,
 At length she bade her favourite sons appear ;
 Then with a look more gentle than the dove,
 And yet commanding as the voice of Jove,
 Resistless urged the muses hapless lot,
 And pointed to this long-neglected spot.†
 Her wealthy sons at once approved the plan,
 And finished nobly what they soon began.
 Your patronage—who doubts it—must ensue,
 For what they lavish here is all for you ;
 And Envy, while she pries, howe'er she frown,
 Must own the act does honour to the town.

* The river Dee runs close to the town.

† The walls of the theatre were built six or seven years before
 by Mr Jackson, manager of the Theatre-Royal Edinburgh.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR SCRIVEN

RIDING ON AN ASS.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

IN times remote, ere luxury was known,
 Or asses into disrepute were thrown,
 This ass had sold at market or at fair,
 For such rare parts fall to few asses' share.
 Look at my ass!—Neddy's a pretty creature;
 Examine him, observe his every feature;
 His upright, long, broad ears, give to his face
 An easy air of fashion and of grace :
 But most of all his noble Grecian nose !
 How like he is to many modern beaux !

Yet the similitude might more prevail,
 Were I to crop his ears, and dock his tail.
 One thing indeed there is in Ned's condition
 Holds no resemblance to an ass of fashion ;
 His tailor for his bill can never dun him,
 This everlasting gray will still become him :
 Your foolish, swaggering, tonish weak buffoons
 Parade in divers coloured pantaloons,—
 The livery Joseph's brethren of old
 Gave when they Joseph into bondage sold ;
 And thus it is that many an ass of ton—
 As Joseph was—in bondage vile are thrown.
 Neddy's indeed get dirty now and then,
 But rub 'em, they're as good as new again ;
 Dyed in the grain, his coat can never fade,
 'Tis Nature's work, and well she knows her trade.
 Upon your learning, Ned, I lay no stress,
 If not an L. L. D. you're an A. S. S.
 A learned pig, we know, for once may do,
 Nor would a learned ass be very new :

In lion's skin awhile the cheat may pass
 But soon detection would disrobe the ass.
 In life's short journey, Neddy, keep your place,
 And don't stare modest females out of face ;
 Never pursue a maid to her undoing,
 Let no she ass accuse you of her ruin :
 'Mongst men though common, these things we con-
 demn.

Let them ape you, but pray don't you ape them.
 And now your catechism, Neddy, 'tis not long,
 And I'll, to please you, shape it like a song.
 I know you much improved in your behaviour
 Since the young ladies took you into favour :
 Your belle of ton, so dashing, gay, and spunky,
 Is nothing now without her fav'rite donkey.
 How charming once with pug the day to pass !
 Now miss discards the monkey for an ass :
 Come shew your breeding, Neddy, join the lay,
 And what you can't pronounce, why you may bray.—
 He's sometimes stubborn though, and takes the pet,
 And then I act the ass in the duet ;

Yet still I'll prove by rule that he's content,—
Probatum est,—His silence gives consent.

DUET.

In each calling and each trade
 Men are daily asses made,
 From the great man now in place,
 Wearing garter, star, and lace,
 To the ass in place before,
 Who is now kick'd out of door,
 All among the leaves so green, O;
 When they sign that they resign,
 All that passes proves them asses,—
 Don't it, Neddy?

[*Here the Rider brays like an Ass.*]

There, ladies and gentlemen, he says yes;
 Hey down, oh down,
 Derry derry down,
 And all is a farcical scene, O.

So the man in common life
 Is an ass made by his wife,
 When with namby pamby speeches,
 Coaxing him out of his breeches,
 Then the ass, led by the nose,
 Forfeits right, rule, and repose,

All among the leaves so green, O ;
 Like any mill, her clacks ne'er still,
 Farewell quiet, welcome riot,—

Isn't it so, Neddy ?

[Heré the Rider brays as before.]

There, ladies and gentlemen, he says yes ;
 Hey down, oh down,
 Derry derry down,
 So ends our farcical scene, O.

MONODY

ON

THE DEATH OF BURNS THE POET.

OH! what is there ill news! speak,
Old Robin Gray,
That thy blue bonnet's pluck'd o'er thy brow?
Oh! sad news I have read,
Robby Burns, man, is dead,
And the ploughman weeps over his plough,
Well-a-day!

Is his pipe mute for aye, and for aye,

Robin Gray,

No more shall we list to his song?

Ah no! cold as a clod,

Underneath a green sod,

Poor Robin they've laid all along,

Well-a-day!

Adieu then the forest and hill,

Robin Gray,

And farewell the valley and grove!

Why the forest and hill,

And the valleys, ring still,

Still echo his ditties of love,

Well-a-day!

The sad sound of echo I'll shun,

Robin Gray,

Its dying moans live on my mind;

Can you then, as you roam

From your forefathers home,

Leave your forefathers feelings behind,

Well-a-day!

Still the black-bird will sing on the thorn,

Robin Gray,

And the lark early carol on high ;

But the lowly-lodged swain,

As he scatters the grain,

Will chaunt Robin's verse with a sigh,

Well-a-day!

Softly lie on his bosom the turf,

Robin Gray,

Rest his ashes unmingled and pure !

May the tomb of his urn

Caledonia adorn,

And his much-loved remains so secure,

Well-a-day !

THE
NEST OF NIGHTINGALES.

HARK! the soft warblings of the bird of woe,
The sweetest songstress of the lonely dell;
While fainting echo on the lake below,
Sighs o'er her airy harp to Philomel.

In bushy brake, or wild entangled wood,
Where frothy giglings lave the flowery mead,
The mother rears her little clam'rous brood,
Herself neglecting, that her young may feed.

There Philomela pours the plaintive song,
 And vainly hopes her scarce fledged nestlings, near,
 Have heedless wandered the long grass among,
 And haply yet her anxious call may hear.

Silence succeeds, with matron anguish torn,
 Her breast alternate heaves with hope and care;
 Loud now she'll cry, and now in stilness mourn,
 Then raving, sinks the victim of despair.

Ye rude disturbers of the peaceful glens!
 Your sole employment on the Sabbath-day,
 To steal the egg concealed in marshy fens,
 Or cautious hid beneath the flowery spray.

Your brutal triumph, oh! suspend awhile,
 In pity melt at Philomela's cries;
 Think ere the nest you wantonly despoil,
 "She feels as much as when a giant dies."

Can you the mother and her young divide,
 Who only live beneath her fostering wing,
 Rejecting every nutriment, beside
 The fairy food which she alone can bring?

Mute, sad, and moping, in the cage they pine,
 Alike insensible to joy or pain;
 But hourly drooping, one by one decline,
 And prove all nurture but a mother's vain.

These are the natives of the pending bough,
 Who sip the dew-drop in the azure bell,
 Who cheer the swain as homeward from the plough
 He lists the vespers of sweet Philomel.

For sure as evening lulls content to rest,
 And Cytherea's brightness gilds the lawn,
 She charms the plummy neighbours of her nest,
 Choiring the goddess till returning dawn.

Ye heedless youth attend the moral lay,

'Tis yours to shield the innocent from wrong ;

Hence kindness amply will itself repay,

Then let her live to pour the grateful song.

PROLOGUE

TO

A FARCE CALLED LAURA,

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF SHEFFIELD.

OUR poet having no one else to plead,
Has sent me out with you to intercede ;
Sure am I what I ask you will bestow,
One sprig of bays to deck his youthful brow :
And your applause can fill his mind with joy,
A luscious banquet that can never cloy ;
Actors and poets live upon this food,
They ne'er can have too much of what's so good.
First to the fair our poet humbly sues,
And begs protection for his virgin muse.

No more then of Parnassus will he dream,
 Or wish to lave in Heliconian stream ;
 Your smiles his fame would spread the world around,
 And Phœbus hail the bard on classic ground ;
 " Sour critics, maugre jealousy, must praise,
 And, what's more grating, must repeat his lays."
 " Justice, who holds the scales with even hand,
 When youthful culprits plead, is at a stand,
 Pauses and passes o'er the first offence,
 Leaving to time to work their penitence ;"
 You are his judges, you can mercy give,
 You can condemn, or bid his bantling live ;
 A female infant of the poet's brain,
 Born of the muse, and Laura is her name.
 Ladies, if you protect this smiling child,
 Its happy father will with joy go wild.
 If you adopt, if you its sponsors are,
 If you consent the hopeful babe to rear ;
 If in your care you will the infant take,
 The world will love it for its sponsors' sake.



EVENING.

Now evening comes with sober mien,
Far off the aged sire is seen,
Where lengthening shadows veil the steep,
Or o'er the distant prospects creep.
Now yon gilded clouds decay,
The ruby tints fast fade away ;
Whilst hast'ning to his saffron bed,
The sun in ocean steeps his head ;
And faster as his beams expire,
See labour beck'ning on the sire.
Her sons, the hind and hedger, leave
Their toil at calm approach of eve.

Now whilst down in yonder dell
Naught is heard save Philomel,
Pouring her tender complaints along,
Bewitching silence with her song;
Fain then would I, unseen, unknown,
With Contemplation walk alone:
To her I dedicate my bower,
Thrice welcome in the twilight hour.
How mild, how placid, is her reign!
'Tis hers to pour the oil on pain;
Meek angel, ever prone to throw
Her mantle over human woe.
On the streamlet's devious way,
Where departing sun beams play,
Or where they lie in azure bells,
Or dart where pretty primrose dwells.
Like some fair its beauties eyeing,
In the wat'ry mirror spying;
Or daisies tinged with golden hue,
Nodding in the waters too.

Or where by fools 'tis idly said,
The fairies dance on mushroom's head,
Let me there perceive the light,
Slow retiring from my sight.
Now shelter from the taking air,
And gently soothe the brow of care;
For oft at eve the voice of grief,
Lowly bending, begs relief;
And woe to him who shall withhold,
His coffers cramm'd with ill-earn'd gold;
And curst is he, who bars his door
Against the weak, the suppliant poor.
Think, wretch, thy days may end in pain,
Ere yonder moon be in her wane.
Then, if thou canst, begone carouse,
Whilst at thy gate God's image bows;
Whilst others place their sole delight
In noisy Bacchanalian rite,
And seek in crowds to banish thought,
And all the wisdom sages taught,

Fain then would I the pleasure find,
 Which contemplation gives the mind ;
 Where lovers haunt the shade alone,
 And echo whispers every moan,—
 The faithful record of each sigh,
 Which the coy virgin would deny.
 The flowery uplands thence I'd view,
 In golden vases catching dew ;
 And view the life the plants receive,
 From the balmy breath of eve.
 Now the harbinger of night,
 Peeps above the mountains height ;
 As returns the loaded team,
 Hark, the owl with horrid scream,
 From yonder dank and mould'ring tower,
 Hideous yells the evening hour ;
 At the beetle's drowsy dirge,
 The ministers of night emerge ;
 And faster as the day draws in,
 See the bat on leathern wing,

Quits the ivy covered gate,
His ancient undisturb'd retreat.
Retiring evening now gives place,
And frowning night comes on apace;
Whilst the glow-worms glimm'ring rays,
Faintly lights the hedge-row ways.
Then, oh ! let me woo the rest
Which Contemplation gives my breast;
To her I dedicate my bower,
Thrice welcome in this silent hour.
There to her I'd glad impart
The inmost secrets of my heart;
Let me thence as evening flies,
See the splendid moon arise.

ROSA,

A PASTORAL.

THOUGH Rosa for riches has wedded at last,
No thought of my fondness retained ;
A passion too true to be ever surpast,
Too pure ere again to be named.

Still still let me dwell on the countless content,
The delusion one moment enjoy ;
Oh ! give me to dream that I've won her consent,
And my life with the vision destroy.

Can she ever forget though now useless her crook,
 How her flocks brou'd the purpling hill;
 The willow that weeps for its shade in the brook,
 Or the clack of the neighbouring mill?

I dare not accuse her of any disguise,
 She scorn'd not, perhaps it was kind;
 I pretend not to say she has acted unwise,
 Yet wherefore not tell me her mind.

But this I admire, for how well could she guess
 The sorrow the news would impart;
 Then could she consent to encrease my distress,
 By inflicting the wound on my heart?

How deliciously sweet is the breath of young morn,
 On the blossom it carelessly blows;
 These transient joys leave behind them a thorn,
 And the dew weeps the fate of the rose.

In beauty with her these may never compare,
Yet how wide the effect of her breath ;
Adieu from her lips would have planted despair,
And that thorn would have torn me to death.

CUNNINGHAM,

A PASTORAL.

WHEN death our loved Corydon took,
And the muse mourn'd his absence in vain ;
What shepherd, Palemon, partook
Not the plaint of thy elegant strain ?

Thy numbers so feelingly glide,
Thy sweetness so graces his lays,
That the swains never yet could decide
Which most was deserving of praise.

Sure his spirit awaited thy verse,
 For his loss only thou could'st atone;
 And princes might envy his hearse,
 Could Palemon their fate so bemoan.

But he too has left us to grieve,
 To oblivion for ever consign'd,
 Which were better than riches to leave,
 Are the virtues that lived in his mind.

Religion he painted so mild,
 She soon was the cottage delight,
 And vice from her covert beguiled,
 Was hooted away from her sight.

Since which with the angel has staid,—
 Or the shepherds have spread the report;—
 Content grown so fond of the shade,
 She's become quite a stranger at court.

These deities hearsay gives out,
Make, early as morning appears,
The grave of Palemon their route,
And bedew it with heav'nly tears.

From these in nice order now grows,
Every flower uncultured they bloom ;
He prank'd out the lily and rose,
And they blend all their sweets on his tomb.

Hence a moral the hamlet may learn,
For still to the villagers view,
The perfume embracing his urn,
Is wafted o'er branches of yew.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

TO AN ENTERTAINMENT, CALLED

MODERN TIMES,

OR ILLUSTRIOUS BIOGRAPHY ;

*Consisting of Portraits, accompanied with Eulogies of the Living
and the Dead.—Given soon after my having declined the Ma-
nagement of several Theatres in the North of England.*

Enters reading a Newspaper.

“ GAZETTE theatric ! from the North dispatches—
Kemble’s no more a king of shreds and patches :
The mimic monarch has his power resigned,
No wreck of former greatness left behind.”—
[*Here puts down the Paper.*]
My managerial prowess done away,
The emblems scattered of theatric sway ;

My crowns and sceptres in confusion hurled,
 Farewell the splendour of my scenic world !
 Time was I could controul the raging flood,
 And stem the fury of the waves—or wood !
 Or if I saw the flash fine ladies frightening,
 The rosin stop—whence blazed the forked lightning ;
 Arrest the thunder clap—for oft improper
 My stupid scoundrels shook the sheet of copper ;
 The pelting shower allay with equal ease,
 With—“ Zounds, man ! pray put down that box of
 pease ;”—

Legions of soldiers—what an awful power,
 Completely armed, I’ve mastered in an hour !—
 Vet’rans who oft before have ta’en the field,
 But ne’er to mortal foe were known to yield ;
 If thrice out numbered they would scorn to run,
 For though they’d two legs—they could move but
 one.

I’ve raised and I’ve deposed kings, princes, dukes,
 And had my body-guard of Mamalukes,

Light horse and heavy, would so prance and caper,
All made of pasteboard, or of stiff brown paper.
Like the old coachman, who loves still the smack,
With feeble hands yet tries the whip to crack,
I cannot leave my former habits quite,
So show an exhibition new to night;
A pasteboard exhibition—but what then,
Though slight the sketches, they are like the men;
The painter's duty's done—my arduous part
Is to pourtray the virtues of the heart;
So to record past deeds as may inspire
The son to emulate the patriot sire;
Though vain the thought, I know you will excuse
The humble efforts of the humblest muse;
And should I win from your bright eyes a smile,
The boon would amply recompense my toil.

STEPHEN KEMBLE'S REPLY

TO

CERTAIN CRITICISMS

ON

**HIS SONG ADDRESSED TO THE ELECTORS OF
WESTMINSTER.**

—————

THOSE who write, except a few,
Nonsense write, there's little doubt;
I am of that silly crew,
And, wise men, you have found me out!
Yet, mighty critics, let me say,
'Twill pass like idle wind away.

Unless, indeed, as I have read
 Of filthy odure—and I think
 'Twas deeply and profoundly said,
 The more its stirred—the more 'twill st—k;
 You give to airy nothing, worth,
 Which else were strangled in the birth.

Your notice I proclaim with pride,
 And if, to fill a vacant space,
 Again my Pegasus I stride,
 Within your circle let him pace;
 Or else my brains will be, I doubt,
 By my own hobby soon kicked out.

Proceed, proceed, or I'm undone—
 Right learned critics, only deign
 To place within your show-box one,
 Who else for being pleads in vain;
 And mark, what you may much amaze,
 Your *censure* is as good as praise.

Why should I vainly hope my verse
 Could rouse a friend to Percy's name,
 Or why those glorious deeds rehearse,
 Emblazoned by the hand of fame?
 You critics silly call it,—true,
 For once, at least, I'll think with you.

Should I again call on my muse,
 And if my brain with folly teem,
 A fitter subject I shall chuse,
 Your news may be a proper theme;
 And then the times may deem me wiser,
 And eke the Morning Advertiser.

A GUINEA.

WHAT is a Guinea? 'tis a splendid thing,
Which represents our sovereign lord the King;
'Tis good old plate, vamped up in modern taste,
For a-la Grecque—our guinea has no WASTE;
Yet loyal subjects, though the coin be scant,
Their good king's countenance should never want.
Surely our guineas vanish to that bourn,
From whence 'tis hopeless they should e'er return.

Thus much the Head—next look at the reverse,
Whilst all its magic wonders I rehearse:—

A guinea is a guinea now-a-days ;
 But you shall hear what Harry Fielding says ;—
 He says, that with the magnet's strong controul,
 Which always points the needle to the Pole ;
 With equal truth, if used with equal skill,
 A guinea points the Passions to its will ;
 And when one, two, or twenty more, may fail,
 A proper number always will prevail.

He says, a guinea alters all the features
 Of heaven's first gift—the paragon of creatures !
 Can make her love where she has no desires,
 As Dutch toys caper when you touch the wires.
 If bald; or toothless, line with gold his pockets,
 In spite of want of hair, or empty sockets,
 Let him but shew he's worth a brace of plums,
 Maugre his running sores, or boneless gums,
 To age shall blooming youth resign her charms,
 And clasp a withered mummy in her arms !

The guinea's touch gives utterance to the dumb,
 Or lulls to rest the most loquacious tongue ;
 The ruling power in either court or cloister,
 Making the noisy patriot mute as oyster ;
 His country's wrongs no longer shock his soul,
 To all her sufferings blind as delving mole.

The learned Doctor seeks the sick man's bed,
 Good worthy Christian, by his feelings led !
 No thought of gold e'er flashes cross his mind,
 He'll, bowing, take it though, with—" You're too
 kind."

In paper wrap the guineas up with care,
 That so the good man's blushes you may spare ;
 If one by one you give them—at each touch,
 He'll stammer out—" Indeed it is too much :"—
 His hand extending as he seeks the door,
 Fishing with hope to catch a guinea more.

T

Your cause the Lawyer judges by his fee;
 If small, you'll lose, if large, you'll gain your plea :
 Let your loose guineas o'er his parchments patter,
 —“ Now, sir,” he cries, “ I understand the matter :”—
 Cites musty cases,—palms his own opinions,
 For Blackstone's, Bacon's, Mansfield's, or Lord Ken-
 yon's.

The sly Attorney, at your elbow near,
 Whispers—“ How vast his knowledge!”—in your
 ear.

And each day, as the trial neater draws,
 For ever dins you, with—“ Don't starve the cause.”—
 Of the last guinea drained as dry as hay,
 At length arrives the great, important day ;
 When your pretensions out of court are hooted,
 And poor Pill-Garlic finds himself non-suited.

The game's the same in science as in art,
 The guinea always acts the upper part ;

—" Hold, Sir," says one, " your wit is out of place,
 Your gold has lost its magic in this case:"—
 'Tis no such thing—entirely the reverse,
 His rich opponent had the heaviest purse.

The Freeman, scorning venal prostitution,
 Loudly extols our glorious constitution ;
 Will he, for gold, his honest freedom barter,
 And, Judas like, renounce his country's charter ?
 Lives there, who would resign the precious good,
 Which his brave fathers purchased with their blood ?
 Man, outcast with the brutes, would rather forage,
 Than sell his birth-right for a mess of porridge :
 The Magna Charta, our bold barons won,
 Entailed at Runnemedede from son to son ;
 He cries—" We'll cherish, till yon orb of fire,
 And earth and nature wrapp'd in flames expire !"
 Heroic ardour !—and he'll stickle stout,
 You'd think, for what so loud he bawls about ;

But Fielding bluntly says, that all this pother
Is only meant the candidates to bother.
'Midst his oration shew the guineas bright,
The patriot sees things in another light;
The wretch, whose every word attention woke,
And list'ning thousands swallowed all he spoke,
A knavish, venal slave, for love of pelf,
Would sell his king, his country, and himself;
Nay, hug the chain that binds him to the oar,
Nor right, nor sacred freedom, dream of more.

Thus Fielding wrote—and I conclude my song,
With hoping Fielding might be sometimes wrong.

TO
OPHELIA.

THOU, sweet Ophelia, canst controul
The passions, with thy artless strain;
With aching sorrow wring the soul,
Till gushing tears relieve the pain

All bounteous nature gave thee skill,
With truth to paint the frantic mind;
And taste, obedient, waits thy will,
To blend with feeling most refined.

Thy plaintive dirge in pity's cause,
 Might well the dagger's stroke arrest;
 Palsy the horrid arm that draws
 To plunge it in a parent's breast.

If any dream of deeds so dire,
 To such unclasp thy goodly book ;
 Oh weep, and sing thy aged sire,
 And mild repentance tend thy look.

Still, still essay with all thy art,
 Whilst mingling flowers of every hue,
 To mingle morals as you part,
 Your pansies, daisies, and your rue.

Oh sweet Ophelia, rose of May,
 Whilst Time delays thy mortal doom,
 May comfort gild each passing day,
 And virtue hail thee in the tomb !

AN
ADDRESS

ON
OPENING THE NORTHAMPTON THEATRE,

*Which had undergone some material Alterations ; an entire new
Company also, under the direction of Mr Mudie, was introduced on this occasion.*

THE ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MRS MUDIE.

THE season of suspension being past,
And our dramatic corps arrived at last;
I am sent forward, ere the curtain draws,
To beg you'd greet our strangers with applause.
We trust, should genius, though without a name,
Amongst us sue, a candidate for fame,

That you will cherish the scarce glimm'ring ray,
 Till the cōy matin glows to fervid day.
 Deep in the mine a rugged lump of ore,
 Rough, rude, and shapeless, unobserved before,
 Lies that, which, polished by the artist's care,
 Proves a rich topaz, or a brilliant rare;
 And unassuming, bashful talent here,
 Some hidden gem your chast'ning taste may rear.

Now, may I ask those critics, who are skilled in
 Architecture, how they like our building?
 Though hurried on perhaps with too much haste,
 The artists hope they have displayed some taste;
 And you'll acknowledge they have given proof,
 At least of judgment—for they've raised the roof,—
 By classic rule the gallery should be high,
 For gods are always seated in the sky!
 The colours blended too with grace and ease,
 So just the tone, the harmony must please,

Here let the tragic muse essay her art,
And young Thalia magic bliss impart ;
Whilst we their agents, with our best endeavour,
Still strive to merit your support and favour :
And should success our humble efforts crown,
Should we pass muster 'fore the General Town ;
Whilst your applause new ardour will excite,
Our task of duty will be sweet delight ;
Till our inspectors,—soon may we deserve this,—
Report the corps completely fit for service.

LINES

**ON A LATE MOURNFUL OCCASION, THE DEATH OF
A LONG TRIED AND VALUED FRIEND, LOVED AND RESPECTED
BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM,**

WILLIAM SIDDONS, ESQ.

**WHO'E'ER has mourned o'er meekness fled;
Or numbered virtue with the dead ;
Whoe'er like me has felt distress,
Like me then led to happiness,
By one in time of need a friend,
No hope of gain, no private end ;
His motive, he could have no other,
But inward joy to serve another.
To such my sorrows I disclose,
They know and well can weigh my woes ;**

For I have lost a more than brother,
 And long my tears shall fall for Siddons.

His gentle spirit winged him on
 To endless bliss beyond the sun ;
 The peaceful tenor of his life,
 Unknown alike to sin or strife,
 Must fling the gates of gladness wide,
 To him and his celestial guide ;
 His kind conductor on the way,
 Yet never trod by war or decay.
 And welcome, welcome was the song,
 Re-echoed by the seraph throng ;
 To realms of everlasting day,
 Welcome immortal soul of Siddons !

Then wherefore longer do I feel
 Resistless anguish o'er me steal ?
 Is it that still I hop'd to find,
 Whene'er distress'd, a feeling mind ?

Is it that he no more can lend
Himself, that I may gain my end?
Ah, horrid thoughts! no longer rise,
A dream so selfish I despise;
Till gone I seldom felt intrude,
"The debt immense of gratitude!"
This thought with sorrow blinds my eyes,
I grieve for my neglect of Siddons.

For him shall widow'd Sarah moan,
Long weep in darkness and alone;
Oft has she meekly sooth'd his pain,
Oft patient heard the saint complain;
And wip'd the drops of agony,
The victim she of misery.
Then ere this life she shall depart,
Ere death with coldness numbs her heart,
His spirit scarcely bless'd till then,
Shall hold her to his soul again;

And whisper, thou my better part,
Shall still partake of joy with Siddons.

Her great endowments, talents rare,
To these the isle can witness bear ;
Her goodness so much by no other
Is prized, as by her friend and brother.

ON THE
LATE APPEARANCE OF SPRING.
1808.

AH ! wherefore still the leafless wood,
The angry, roaring, raging flood,
That headlong rushes red as blood ?
Ah ! wherefore still, snow, sleet, and hail,
When vegetation should prevail,
And winter end her dismal tale ?
No daisy peers above the dell;
In that rude blast the lambkin fell,
How the lone mother bleats its knell !

Whilst deep with snow the moor is clad,
 Cold, wet, and dreary, fate how sad,
 All night must watch the shepherd lad ;
 Though Maya comes, and with her Love,
 Still naked stands the leafless grove.

Nor lily in the brake is seen,
 Or primrose in the copse between,
 Or early snow-drop soonest green.
 The anxious hind has oft, how vain,
 Or frost-nipp'd, or else drench'd with rain,
 Long shiv'ring look'd for springing grain.
 At times, perchance, the throstle's throat;
 Or blackbird with his livelier note,
 Strange music, on the storms will float.
 All out of season is the lay,
 Deceitful is the transient ray,
 Whilst winter gorges on his prey.
 Though Maya comes, and with her Love,
 Still naked stands the leafless grove.

Hence, wizard winter ! hence and prowl,
 Where everlasting tempests scowl,
 Or chain him in the north to howl ;
 Her golden vestments now put on,
 And Nature gird in shining zone,
 All glittering as the radiant sun ;
 Flow loose the mantle green she wore,
 With blossoms bloom imboss'd before,
 The train embroider'd as of yore ;
 And Spring-leaves crown her flowing hair,
 With berries blushing here and there,
 Which erst was still the Graces care ;
 For Maya comes, and with her Love
 Shall people soon the living grove.

Now Æolus that harper rare,
 Shall catch from zephyr softest air,
 Nor ravish'd echo long forbear ;
 Joy peals the note ! oh, sight sublime,
 The march, the chorus, all divine,
 When Spring and Nature close entwine !

She comes, she comes, the Godhead's care,
 The blushing, blooming, blue-eyed fair,
 He seats within his blazing car;
 Olā Pan the princely shepherd's nigh,
 The god of rustic minstrelsy,
 And Ceres loaded lavishly ;
 Next smiling Venus onward moves,
 Attended by a swarm of loves.
 Then comes the village holiday,
 When cheerful pipe and tabor gay
 Proclaim the glad return of May ;
 High raise the pole with silver bound,
 With roses and with myrtle crown'd,
 Whilst lads and lasses beat the ground.
 Let sweetest skill the air prolong,
 Give still the mirth-inspiring song,
 In praise of Bacchus ever young.
 Oh ! bring Pomona's endless store,
 The ruby grape flow evermore,

And fill the goblet o'er and o'er ;
The toast be—Maya, Spring, and Love,
And all the pleasures of the grove.

ADDRESS

ON

OPENING THE THEATRE IN WHITEHAVEN.

LONG hop'd for joy, when it arrives at last,
O'er pays an age of expectation past :
So the bold mariner, when far from shore,
Wild though the sky, and hoarse the billows roar,
Whilst sheeted lightnings flash a fearful ray,
And mirky clouds of darkness hide the day ;
Whilst whelming waters hurl'd in mountains sweep,
And bare the hideous bosom of the deep ;
Whilst horror shrieks, as whirlwinds rage along,
And shapeless spirits sing the death-like song !

His heart of oak views the appalling sight,
 Lets go the sheet, or makes his rigging tight;
 And thinks the driving tempest will subside,
 Nor doubts his skiff the danger may outride :—
 Or should his bark to distant seas be driven,
 Plies patient on, to reach the wished-for haven;
 There, safely moored, forgets the storm that's past,
 And furls his sails, and makes his anchor fast;
 That done, resigns himself to love and mirth,
 The smiles of friendship, and a good snug birth.—
 So I, long toss'd on Hope's delusive main,
 I, who have plied this anchorage to gain,
 Just hove in sight, escaped the sea of doubt
 Am for this haven, licensed to clear out ;—
 And I invite all hands on board to see
 Our good Thalia and Melpomene ;—
 My messmates too, kind hearts ! will all endeavour
 To make a prize—of your indulgent favour.

(Prompter's Bell rings.)

Hark!—'tis our boatswain piping hands up all;
 And I, though master, must obey his call!—
 But hold: ere yet our ship the harbour make,
 'Tis proper needful soundings I should take;—
 Like seamen good, whilst we our duty mind,
 We trust kind friends and patrons here to find,
 To cherish modest worth with liberal spirit,
 And fan the flame of unassuming mèrit!—
 Now, undismayed, I boldly take my station,
 The port in sight—of public approbation!

THE END.

EDINBURGH:

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